

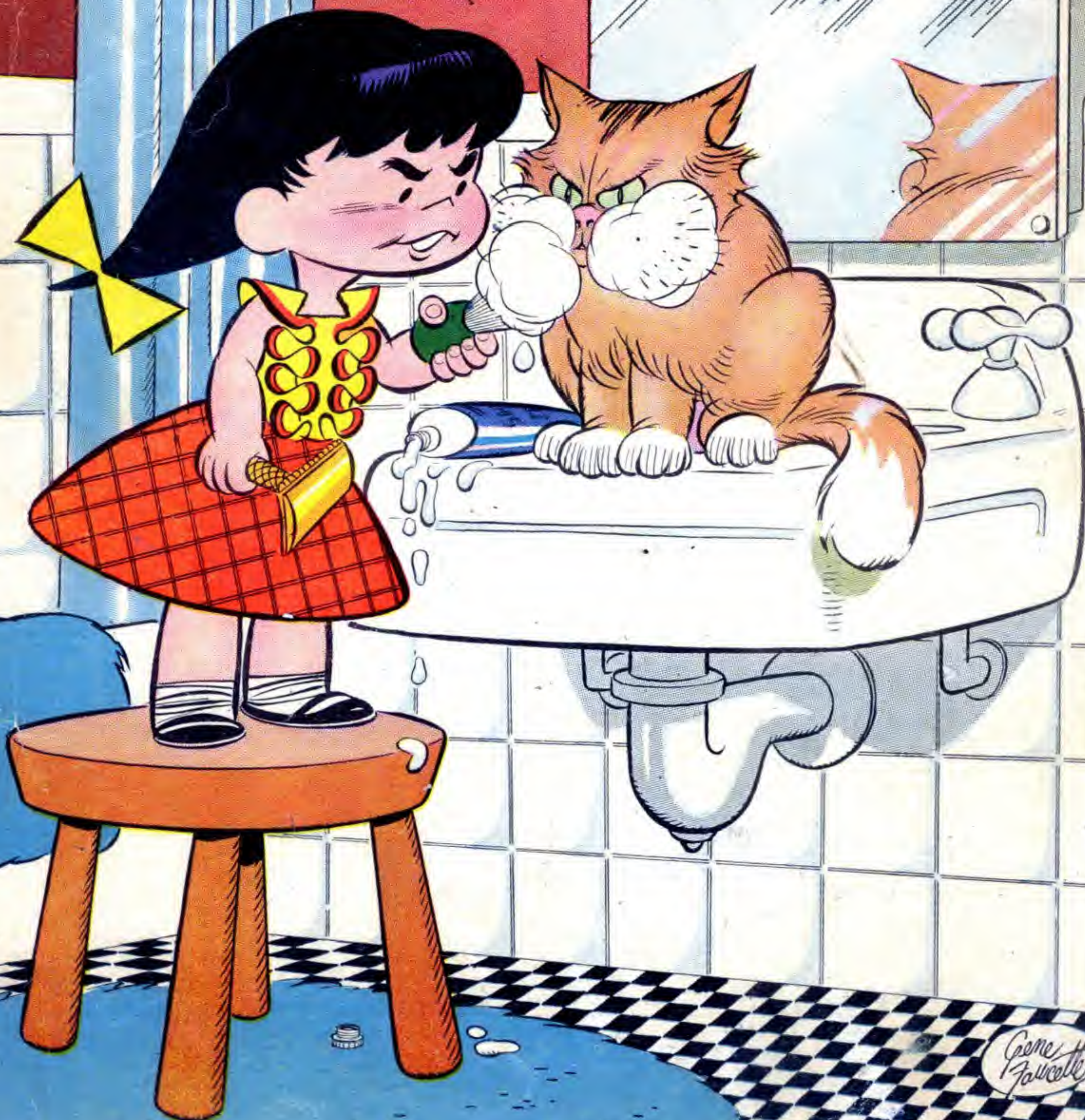
MAY NO. 1

10¢



# Cutie Pie

LEV GLEASON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



Gene Falvett

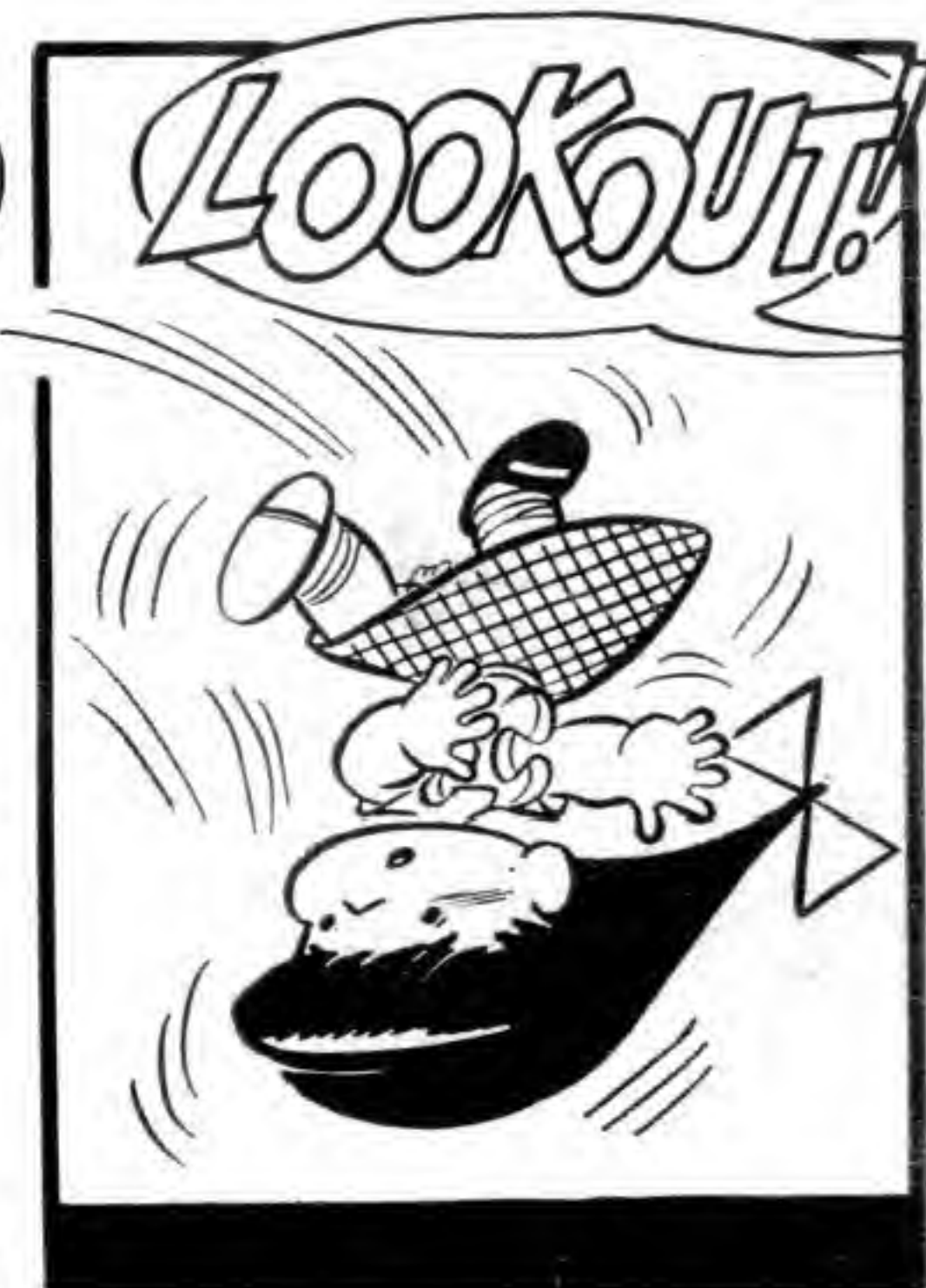
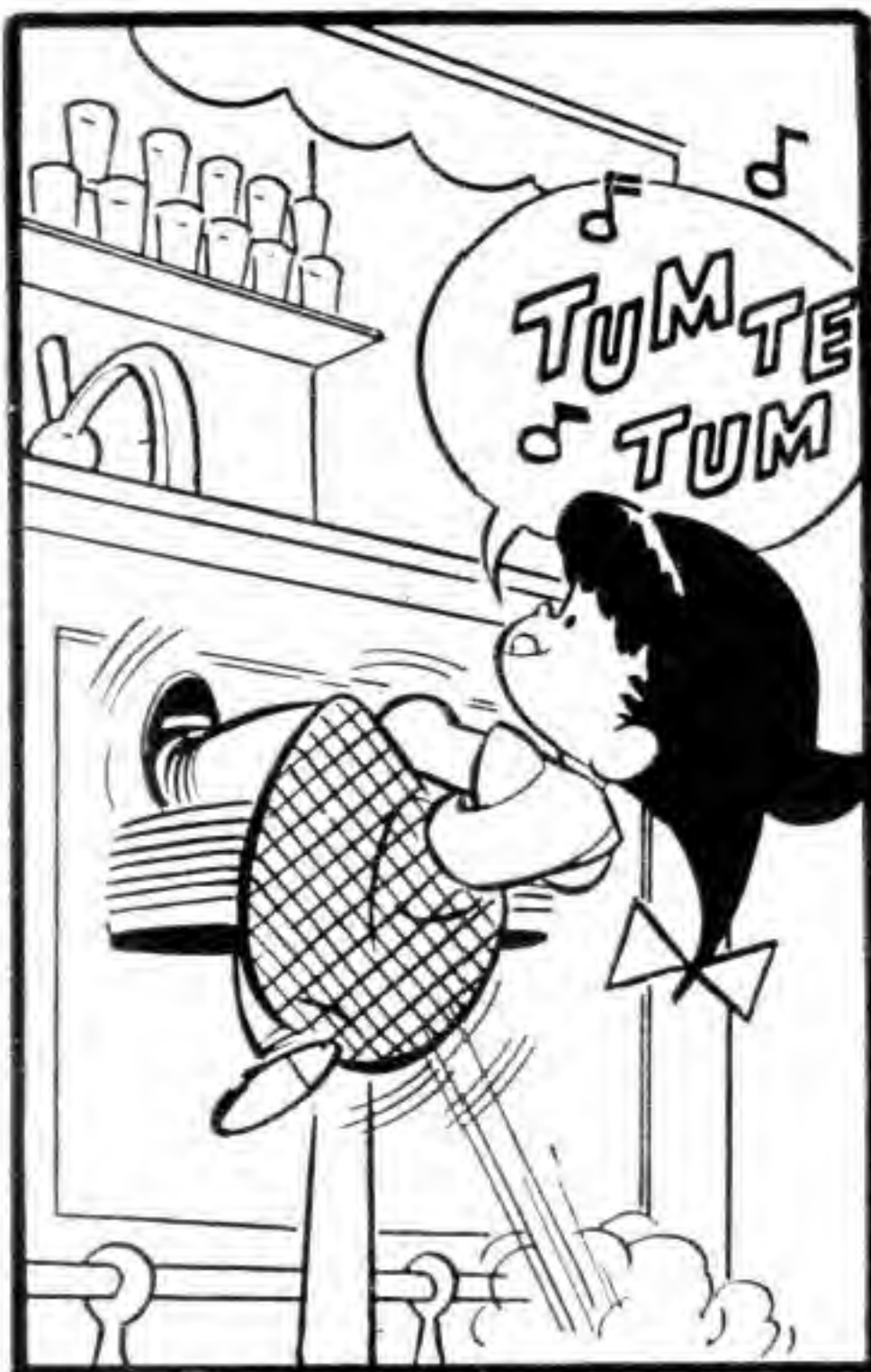
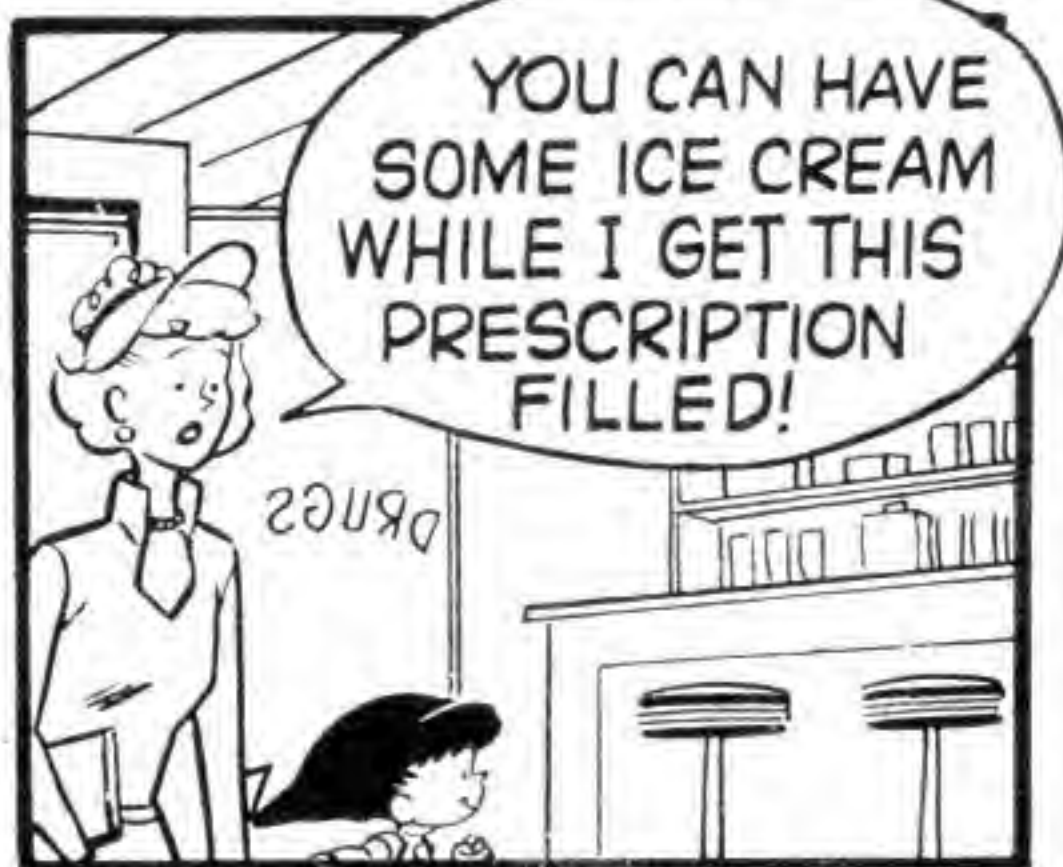


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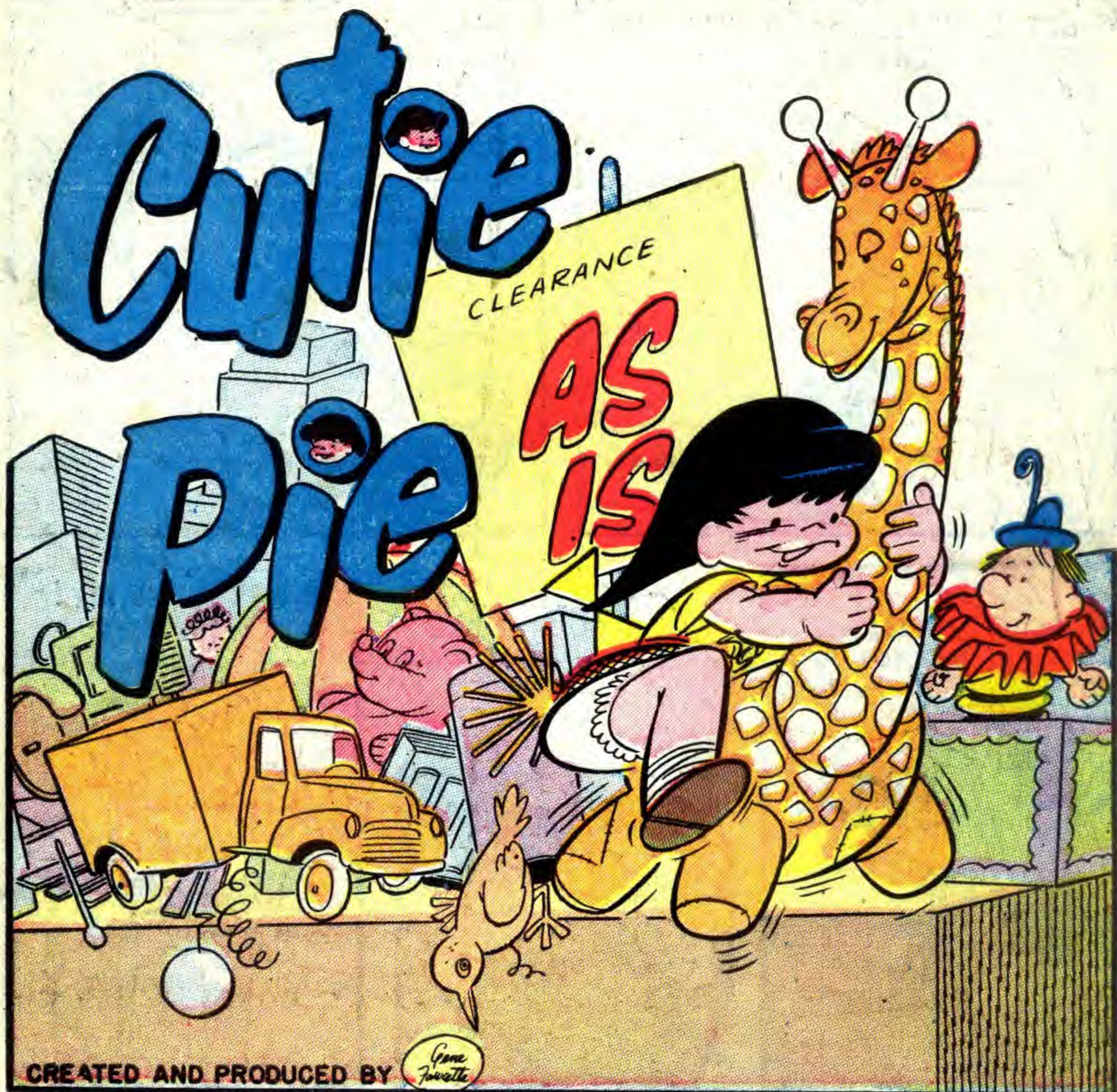


# Cutie Pie

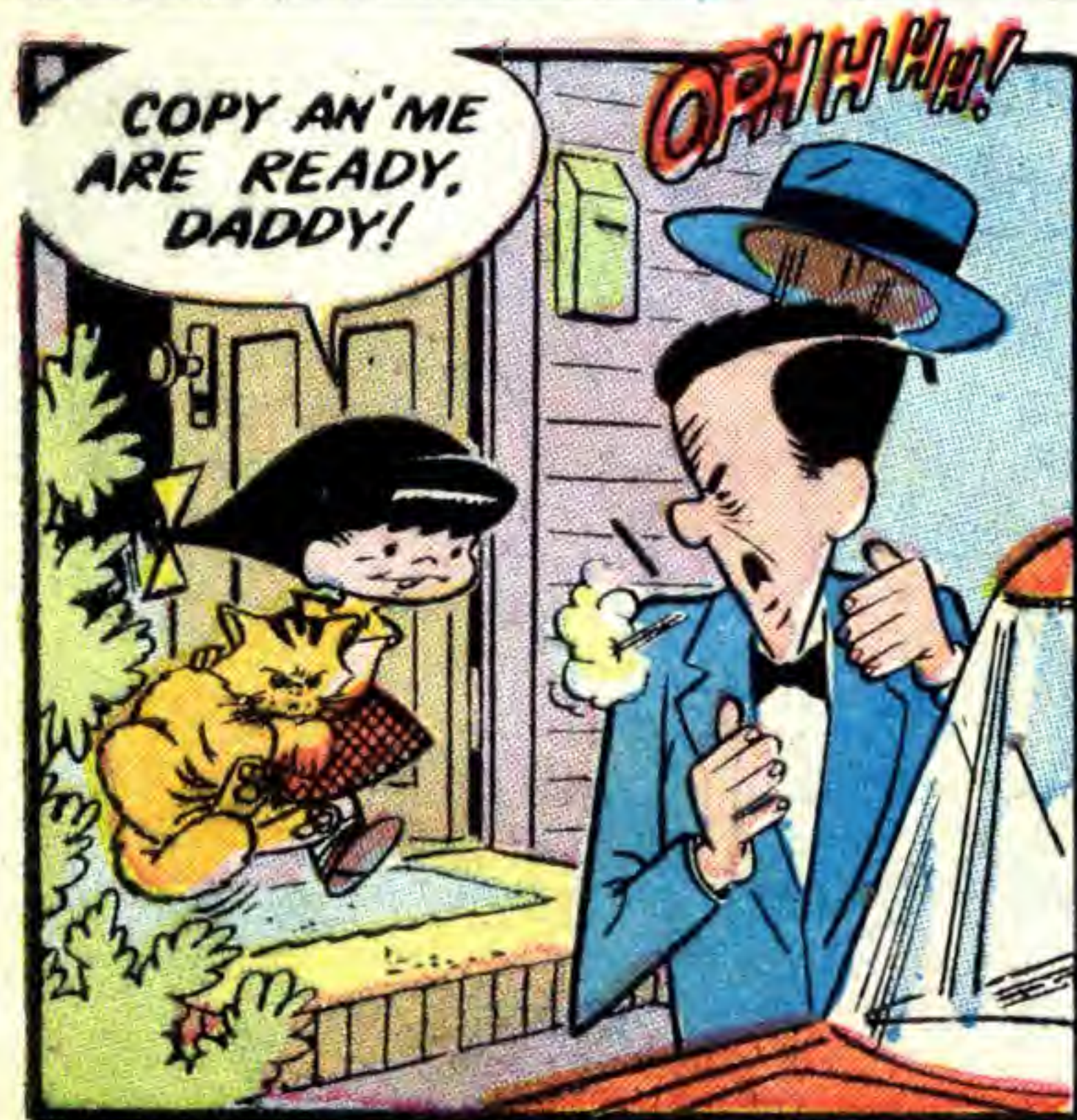
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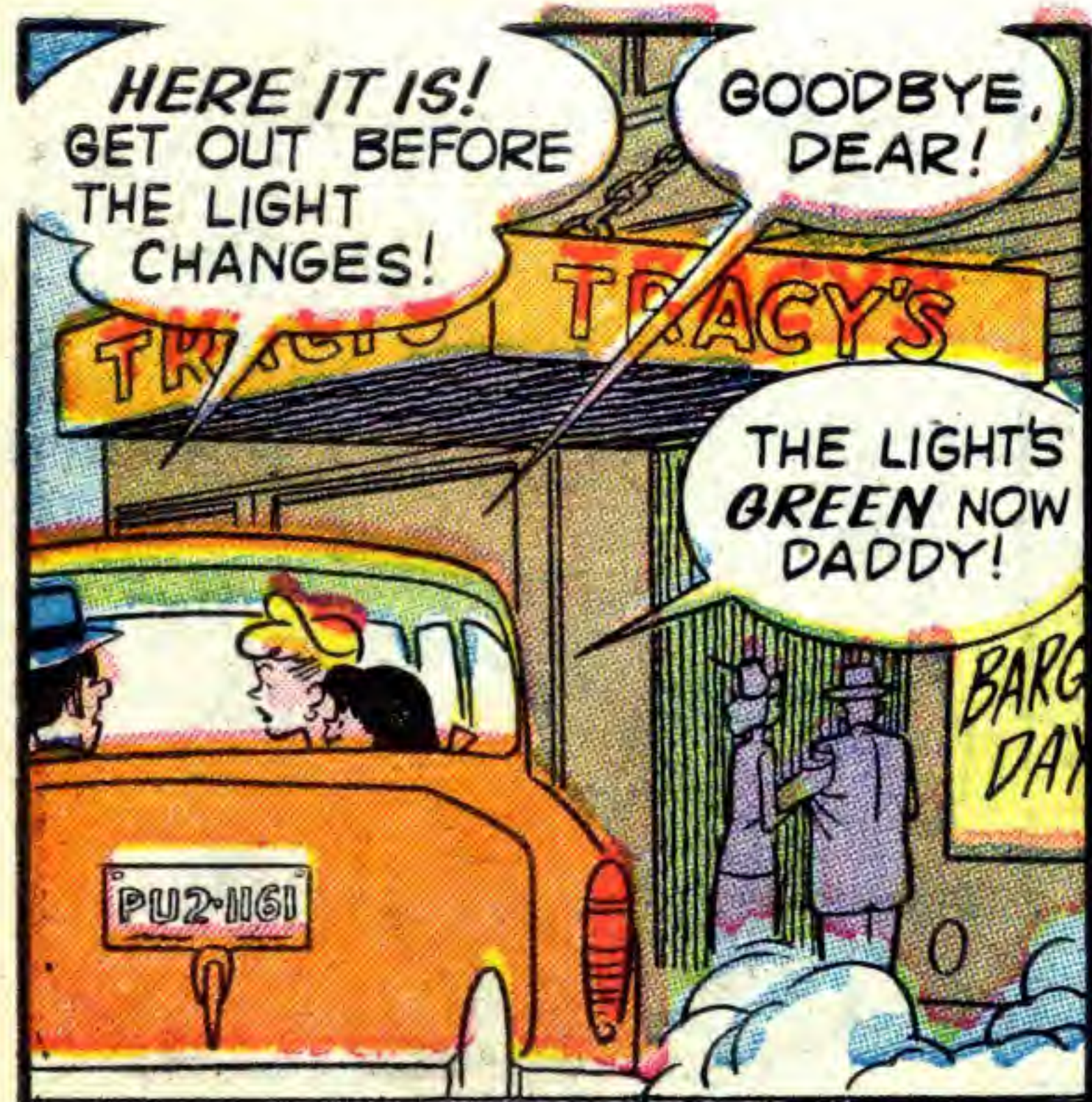
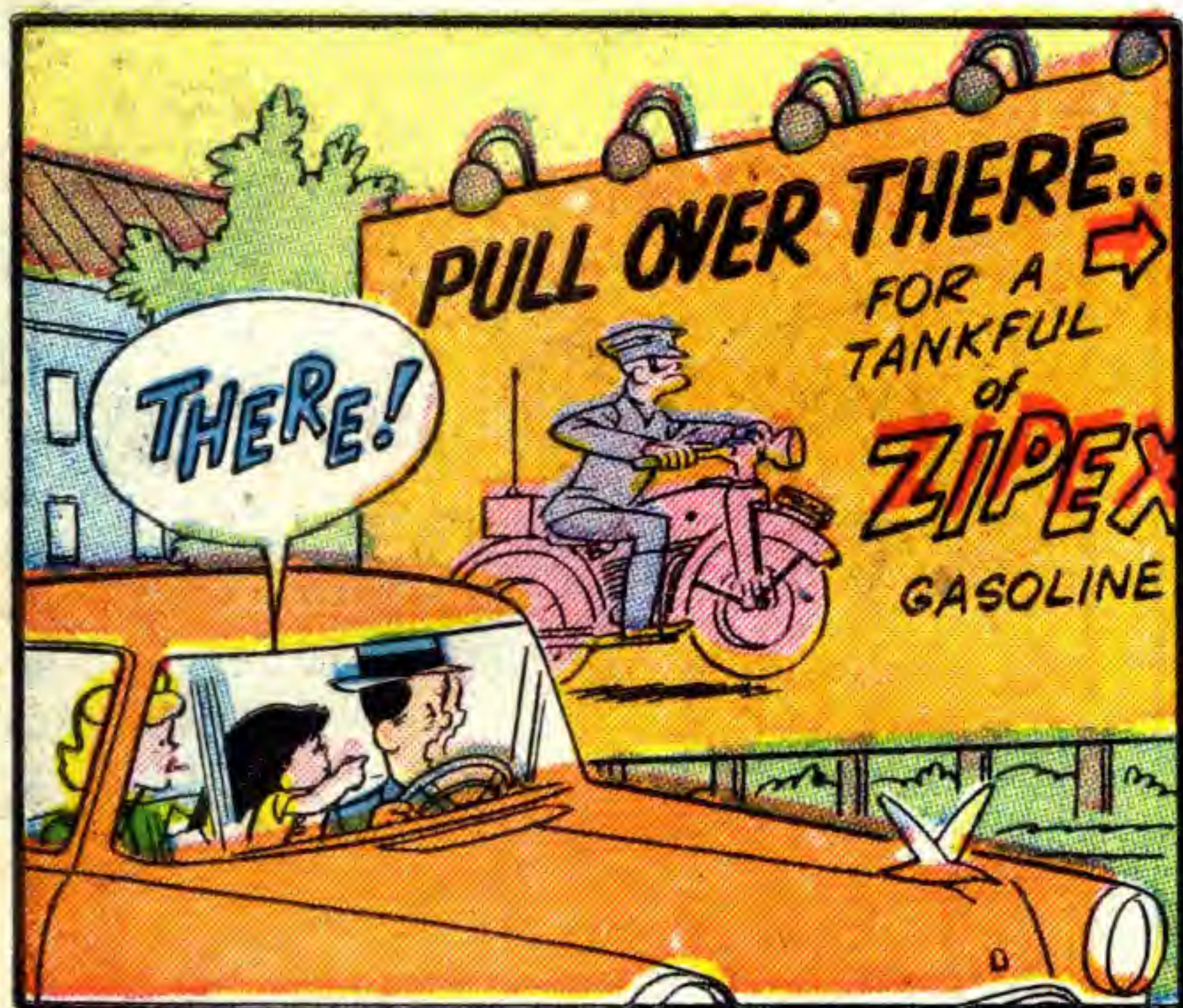
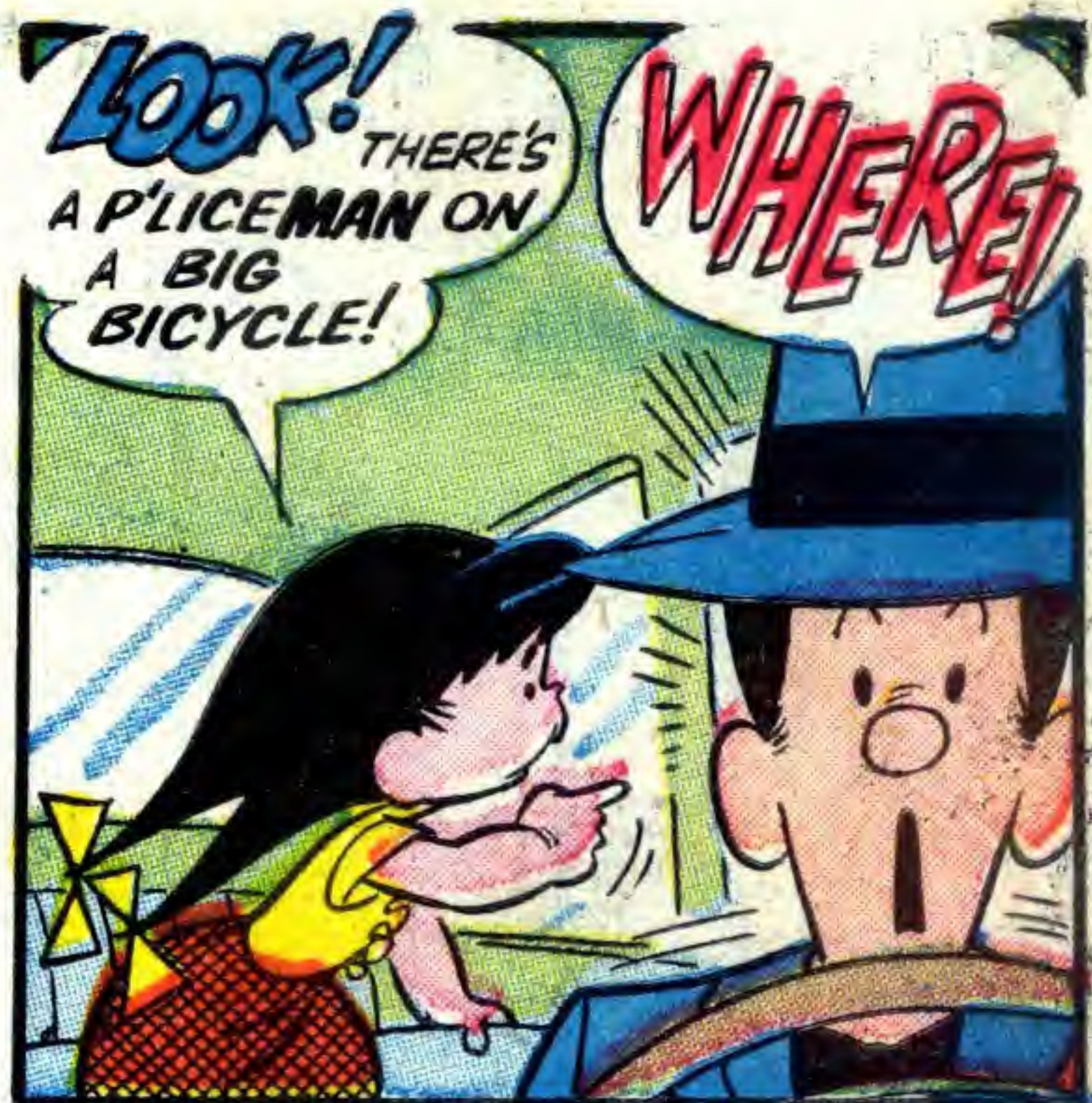




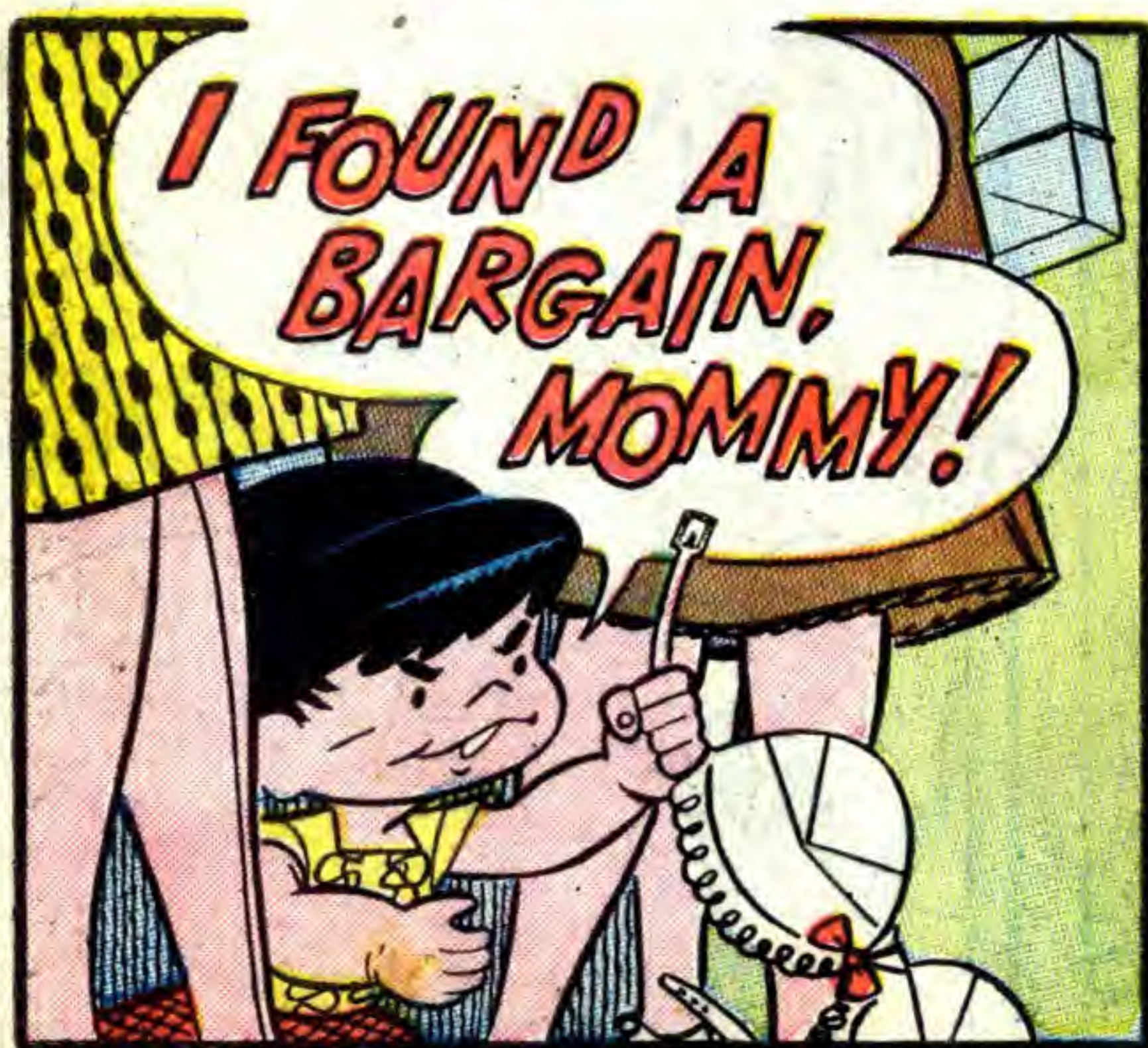
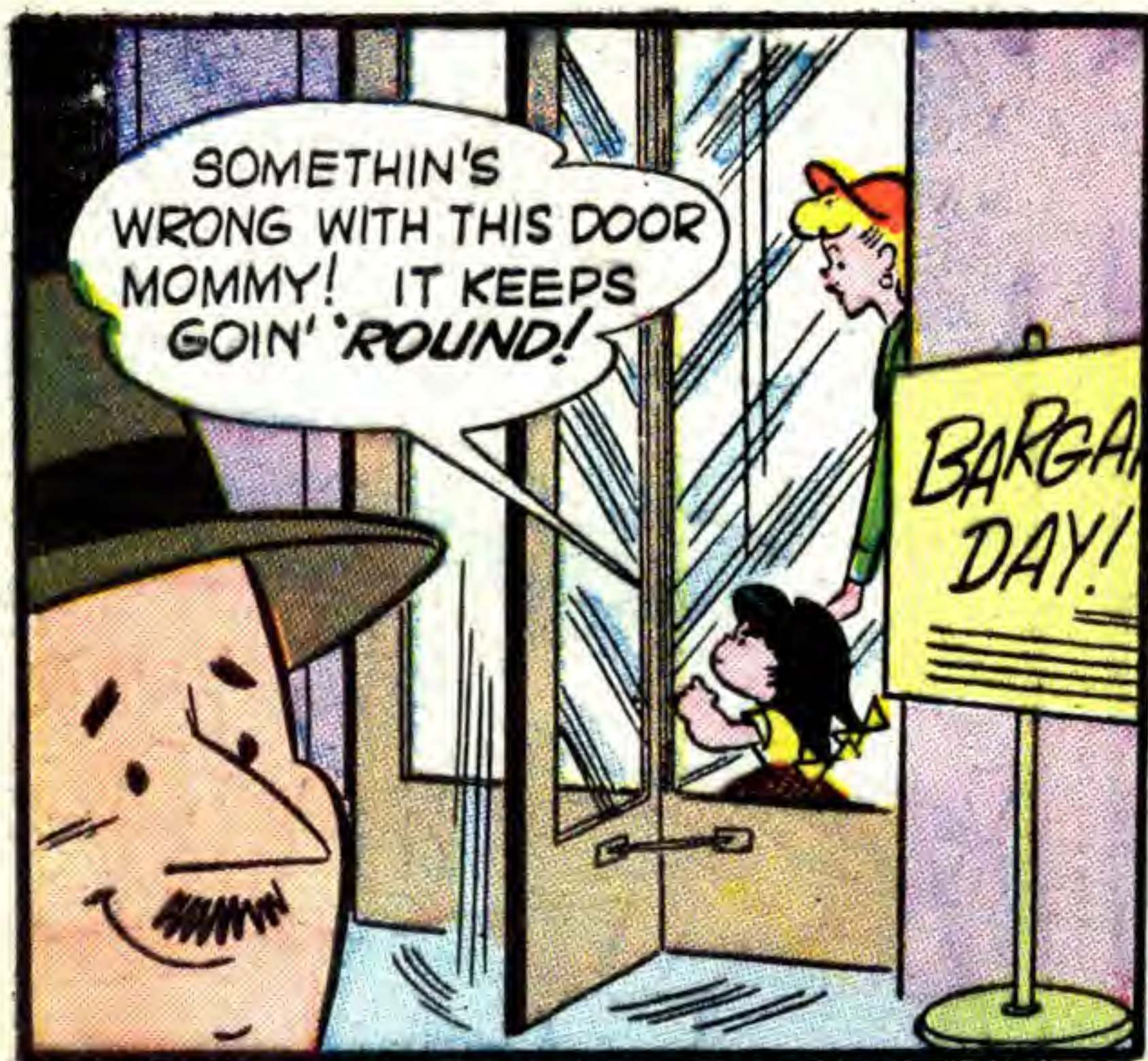




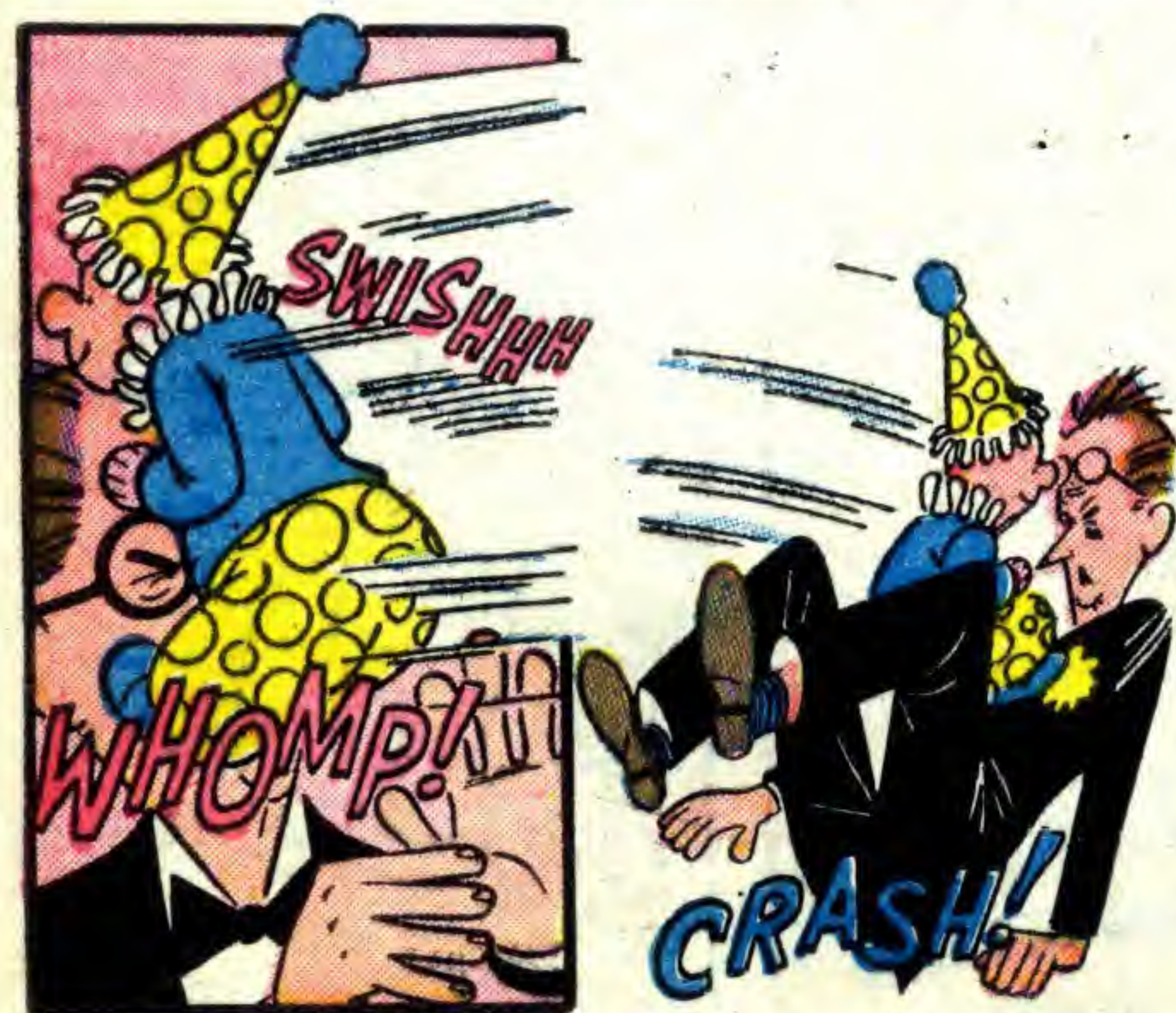
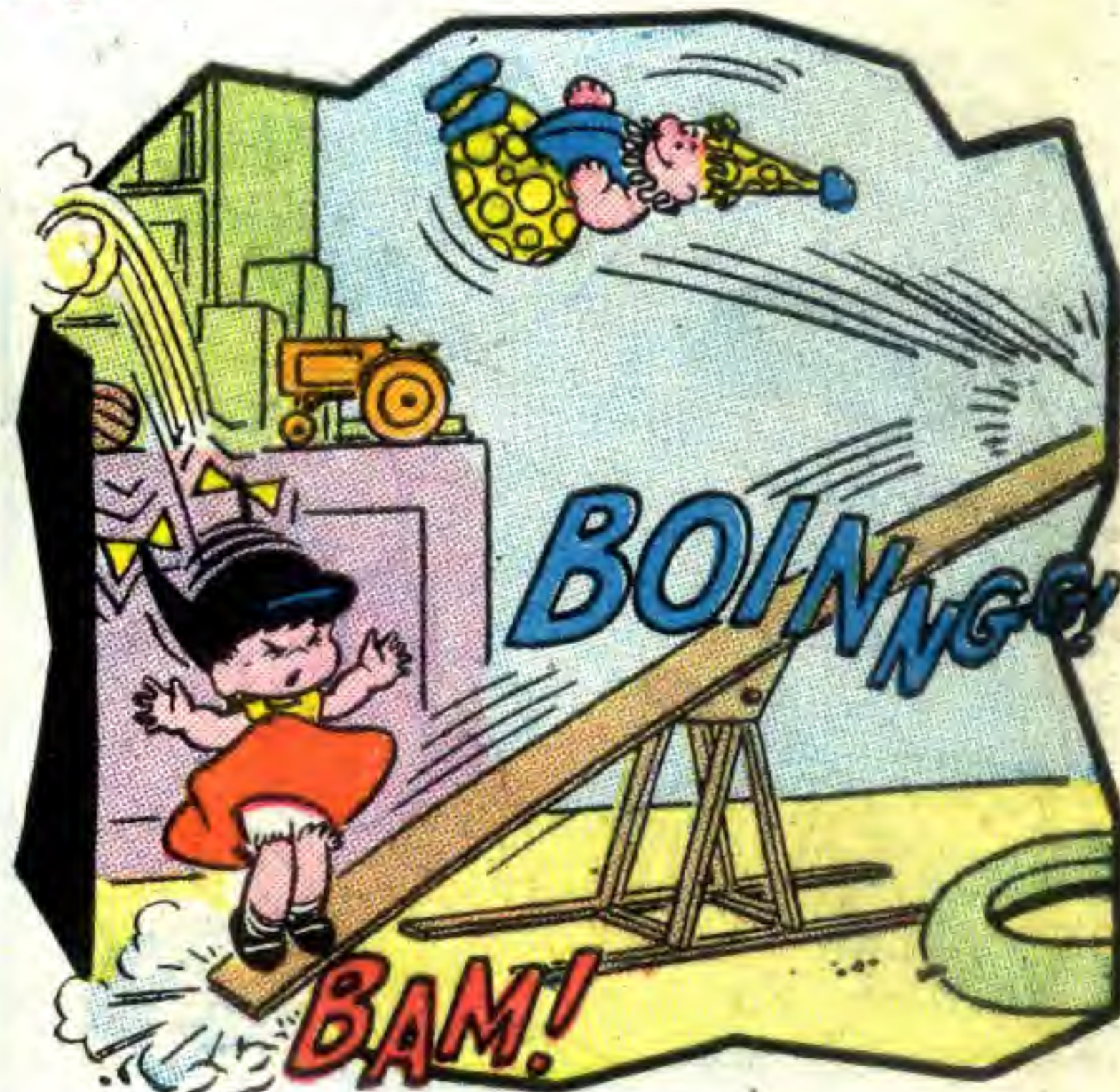
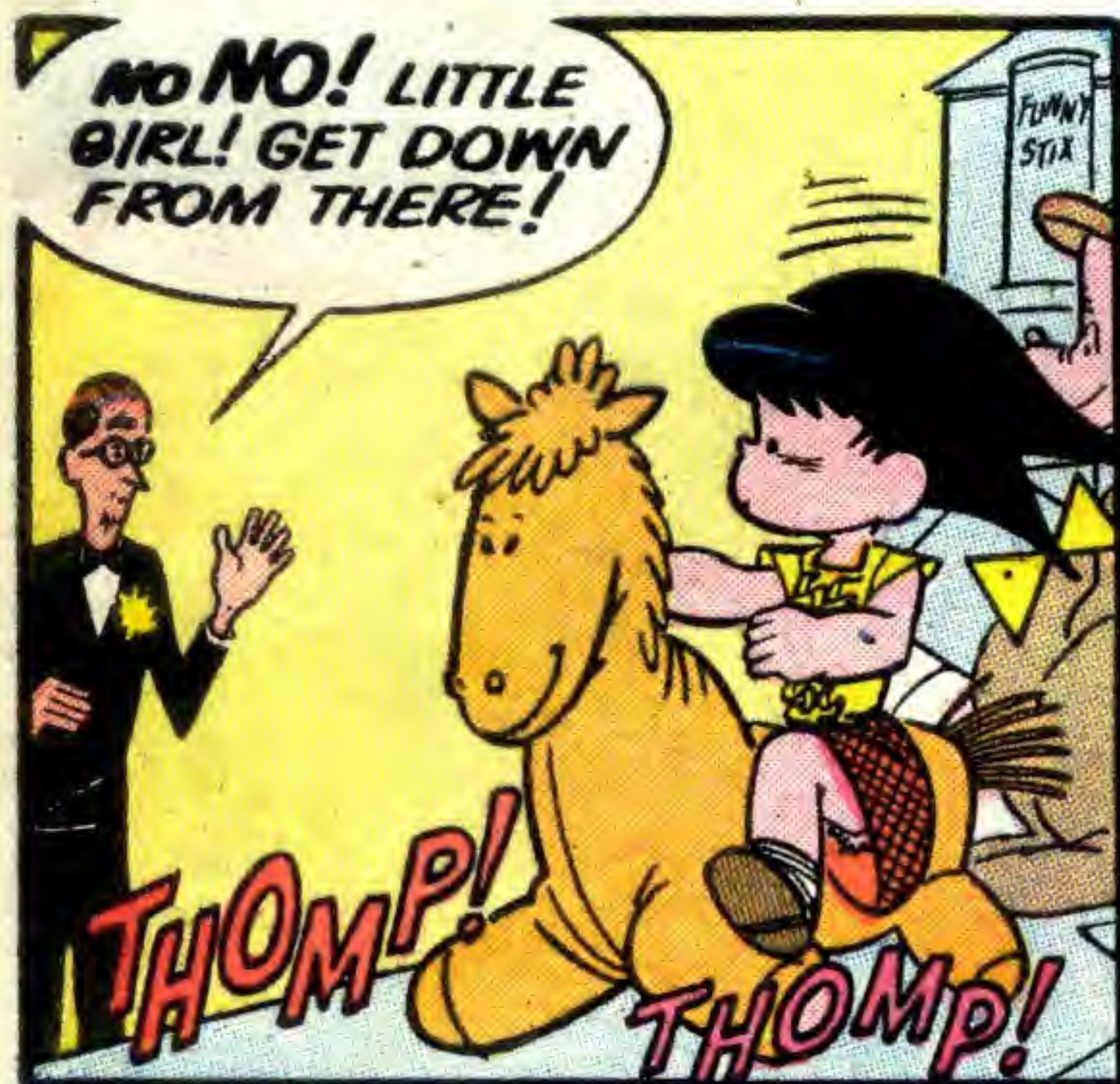




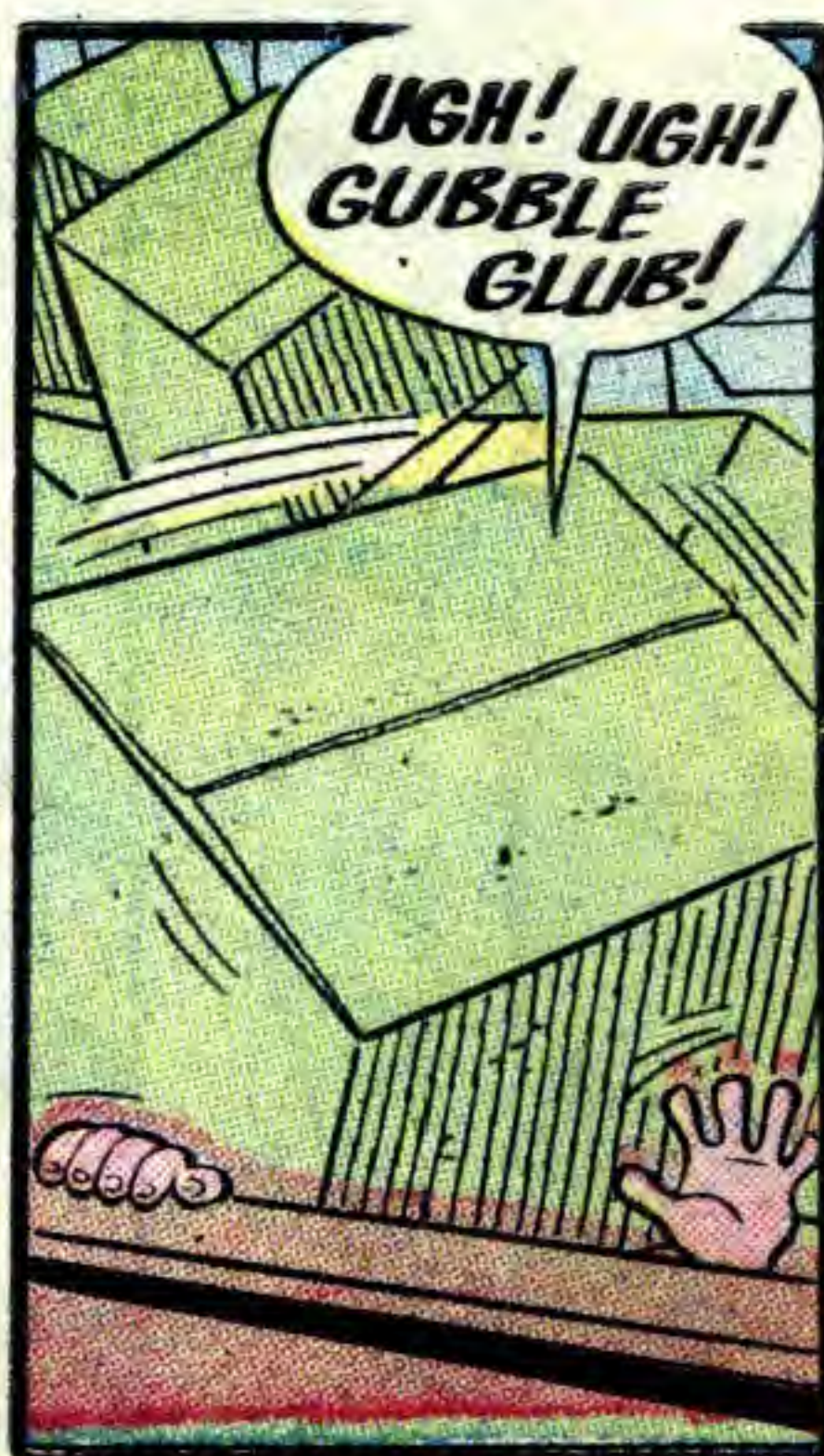
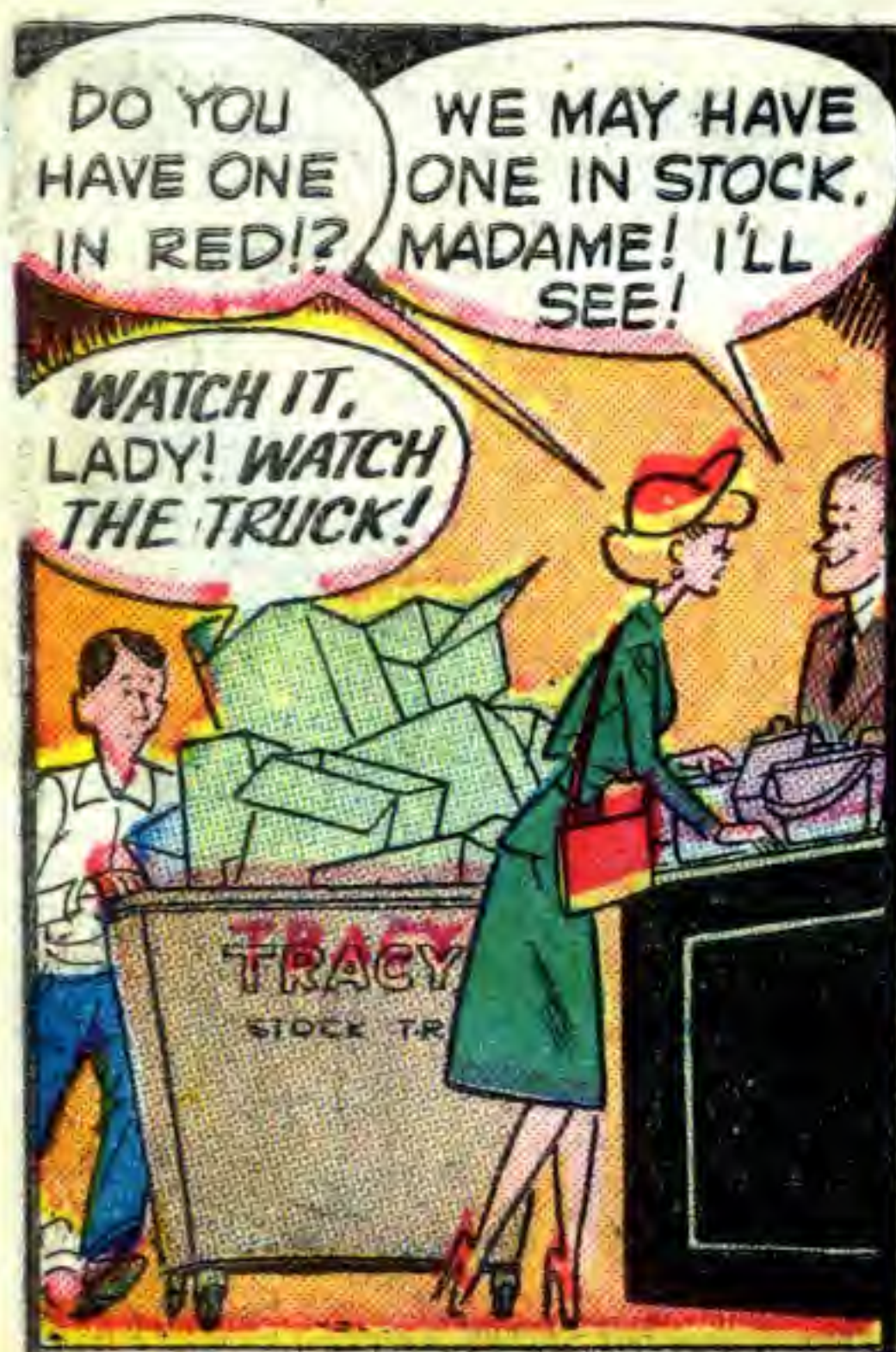
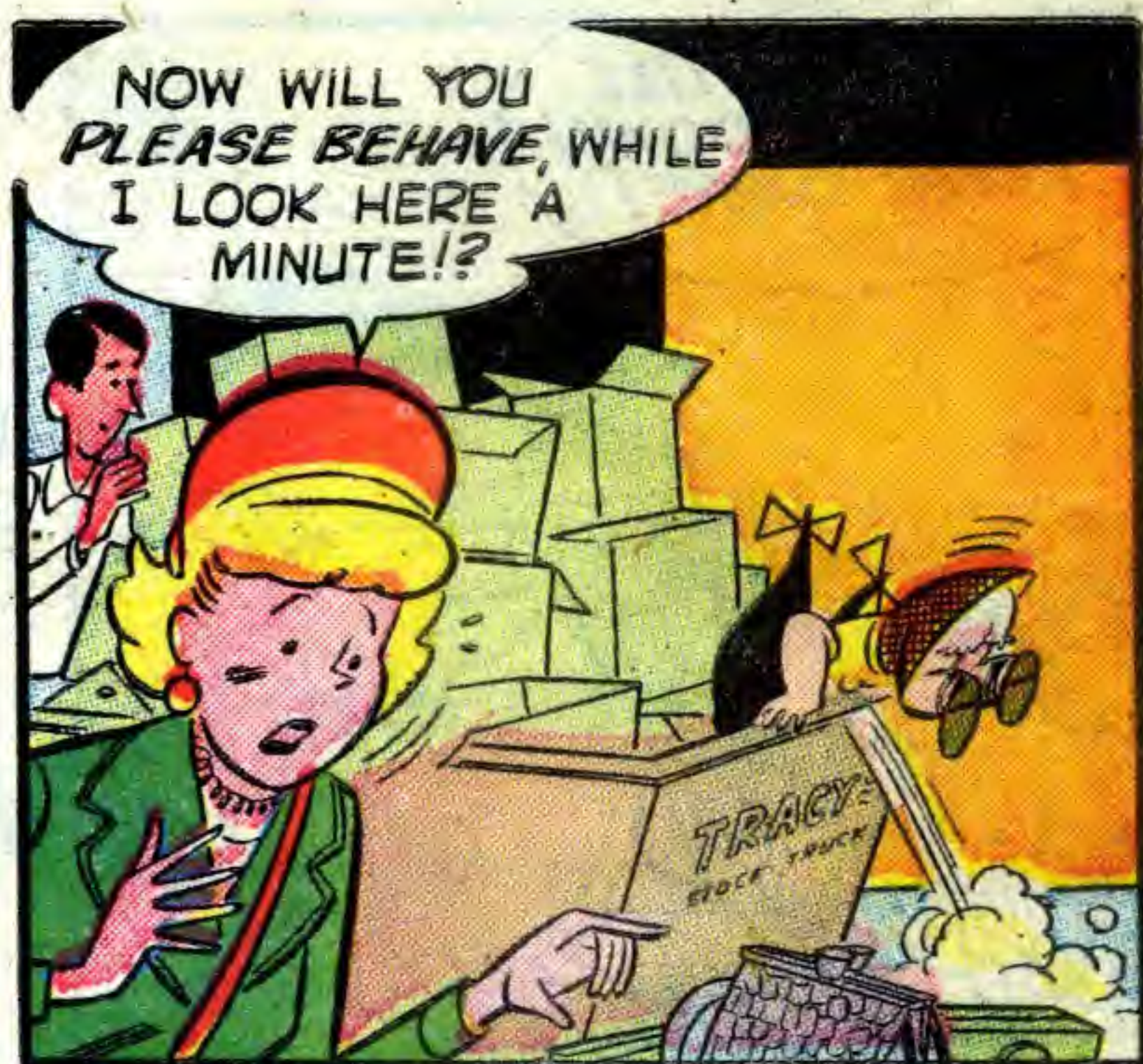
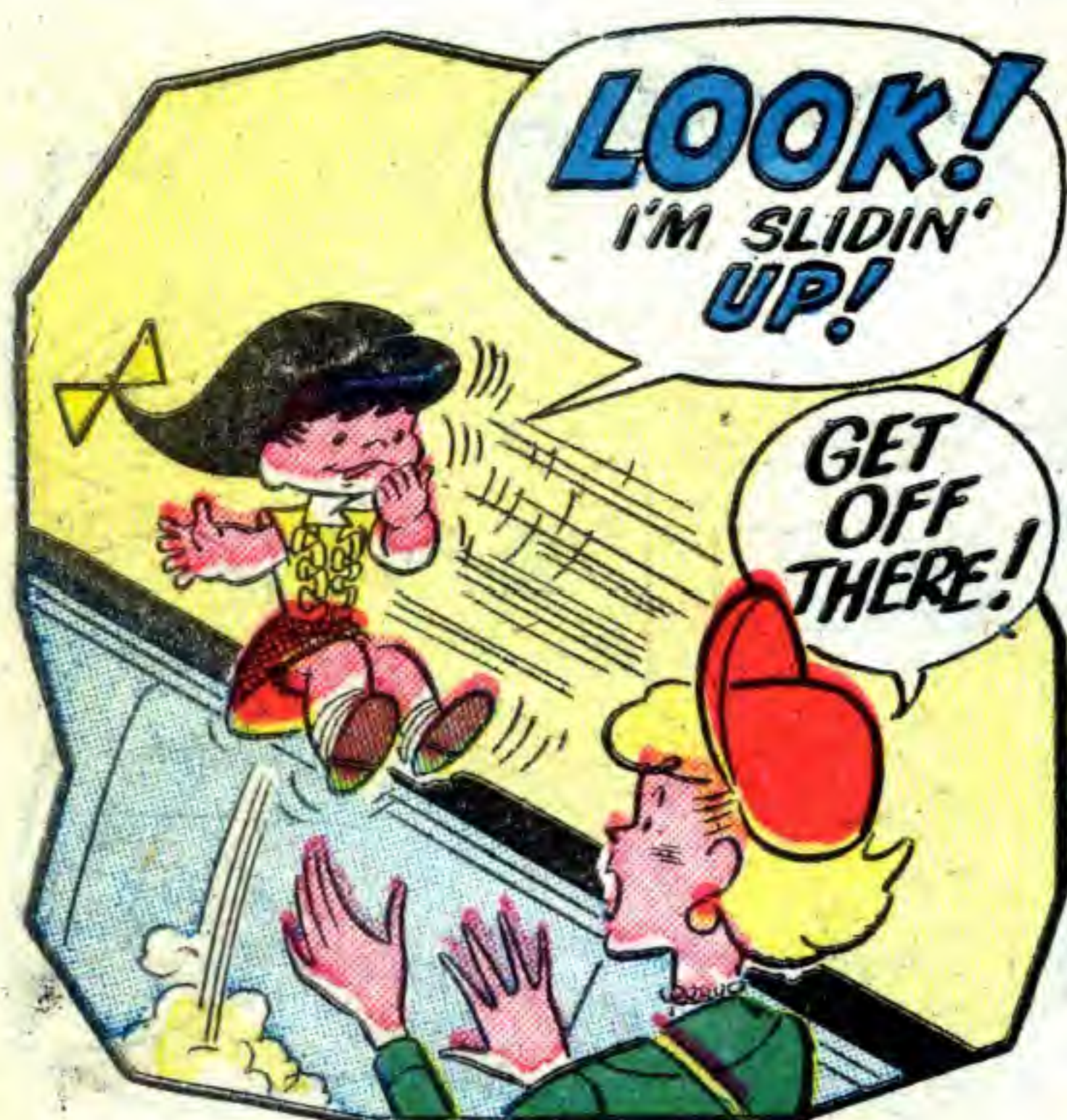




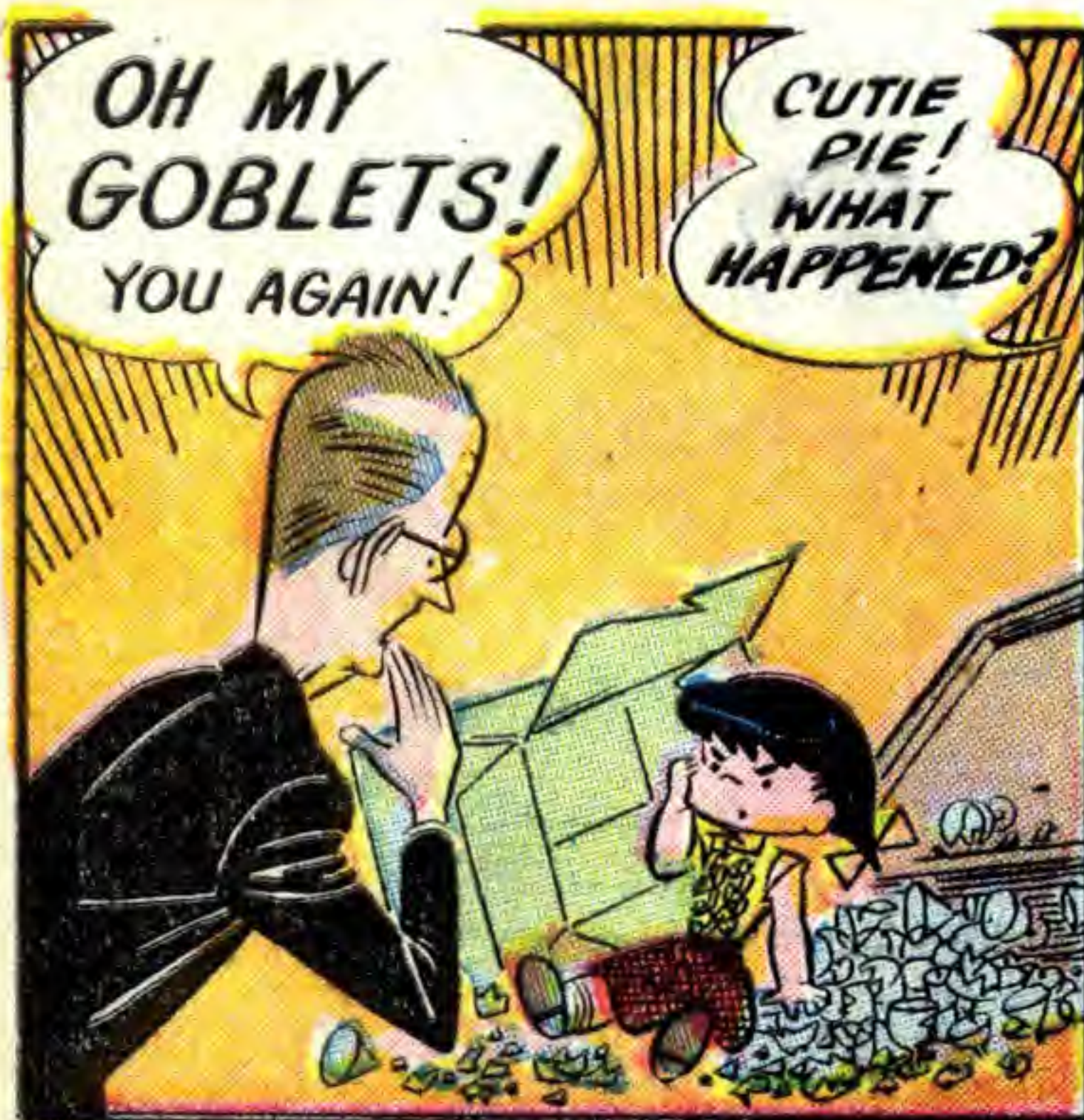
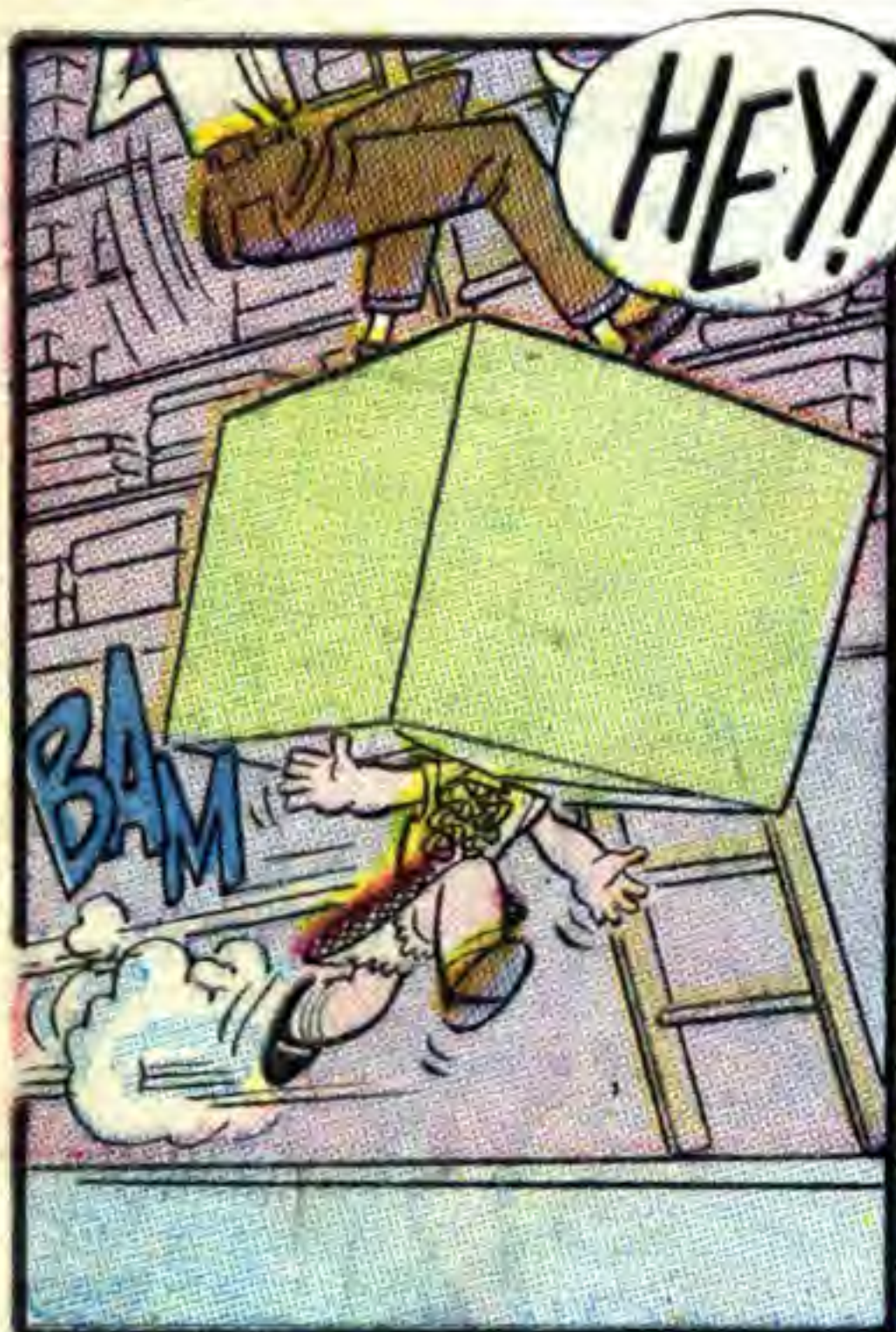
















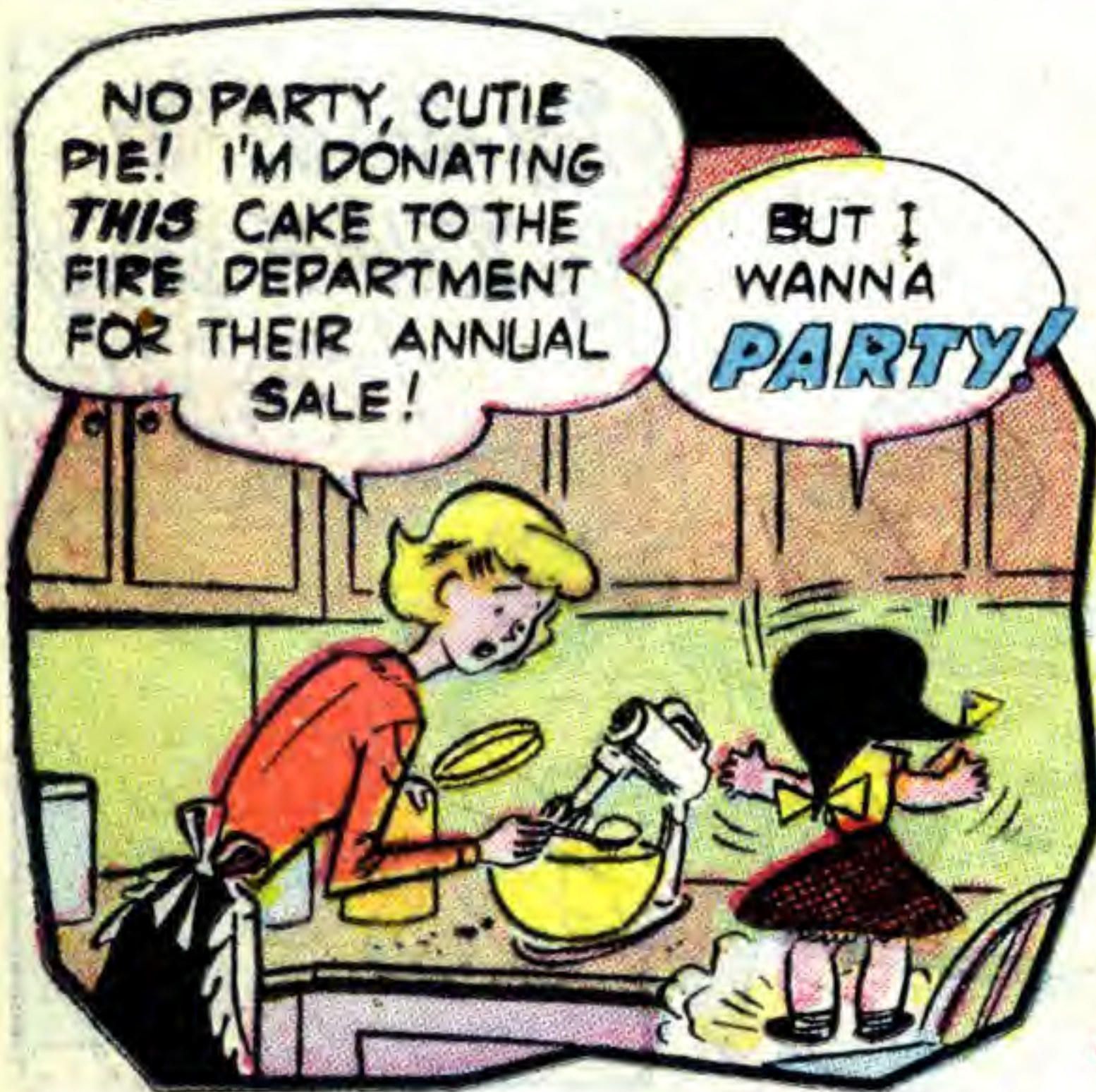
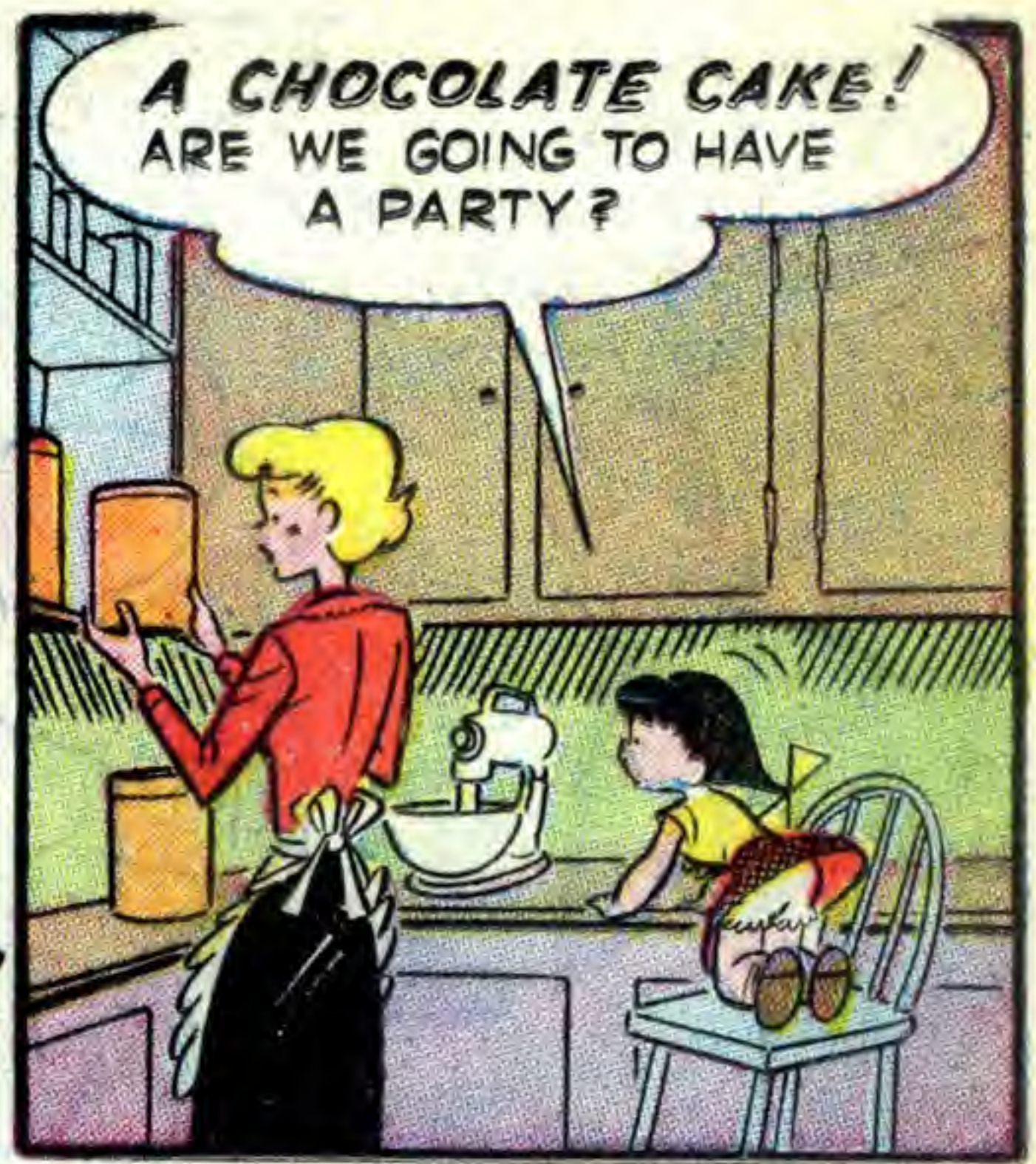






# Cutie Pie

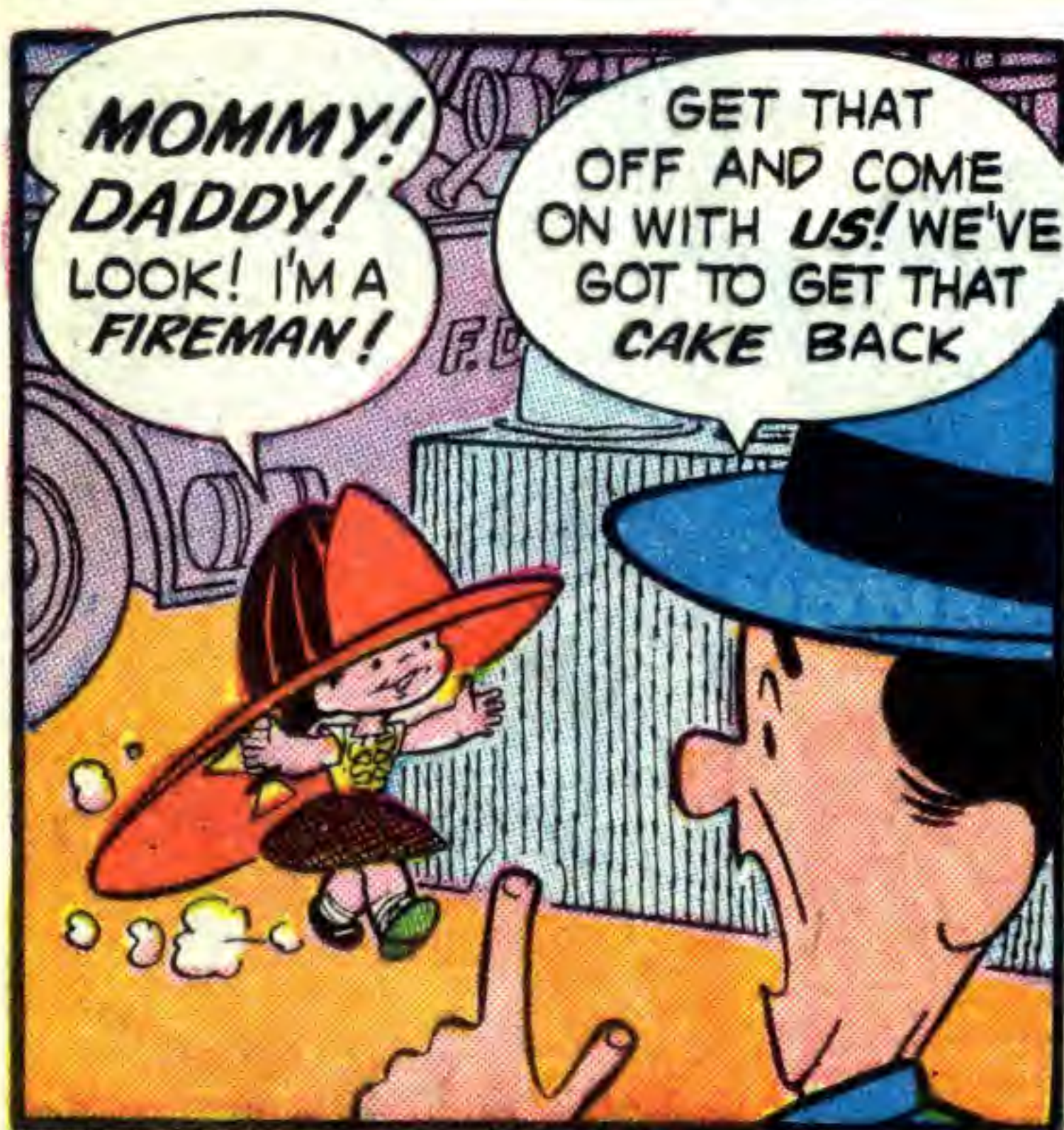
**SHE  
TAKES  
THE  
CAKE!**



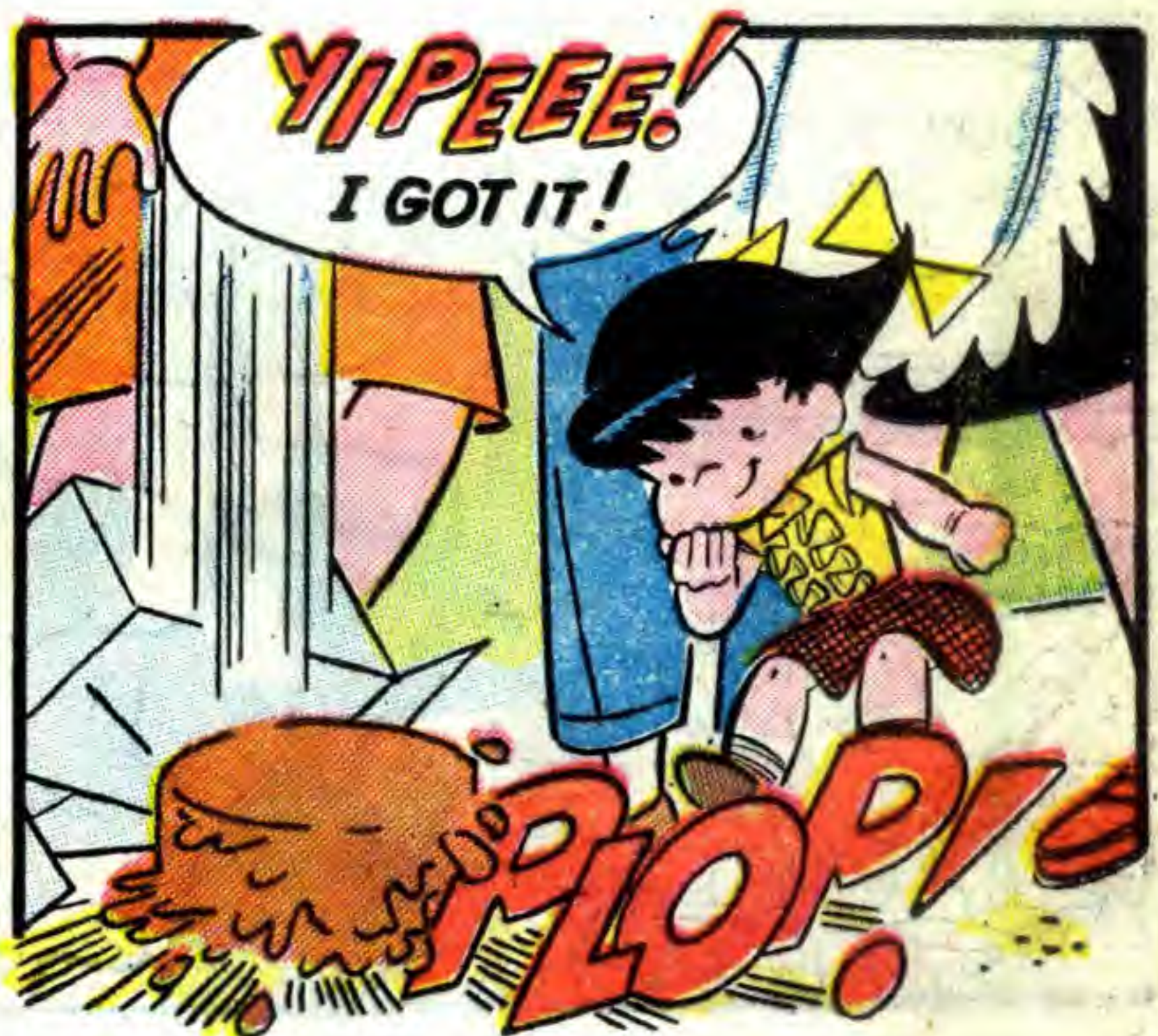
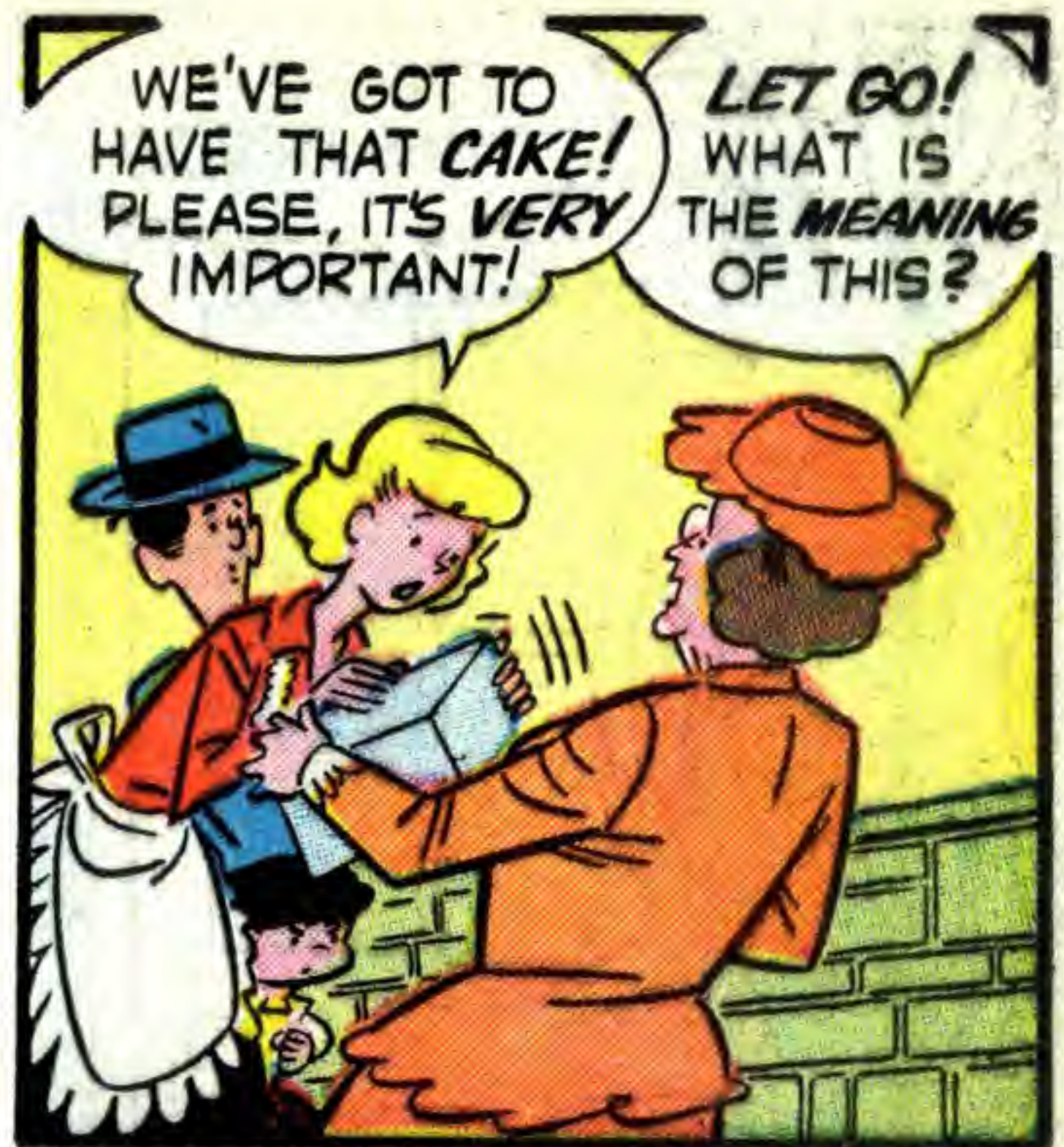




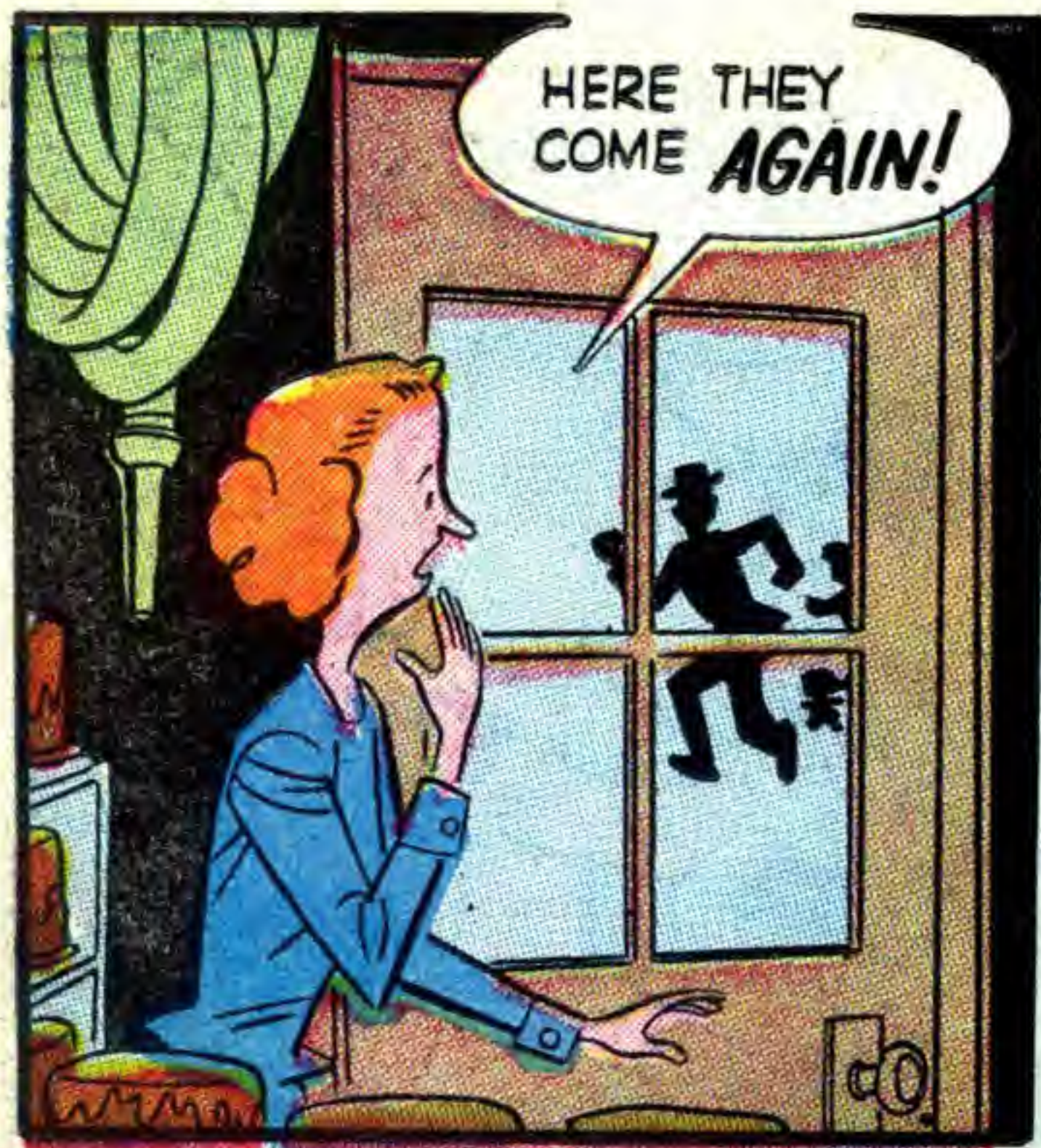




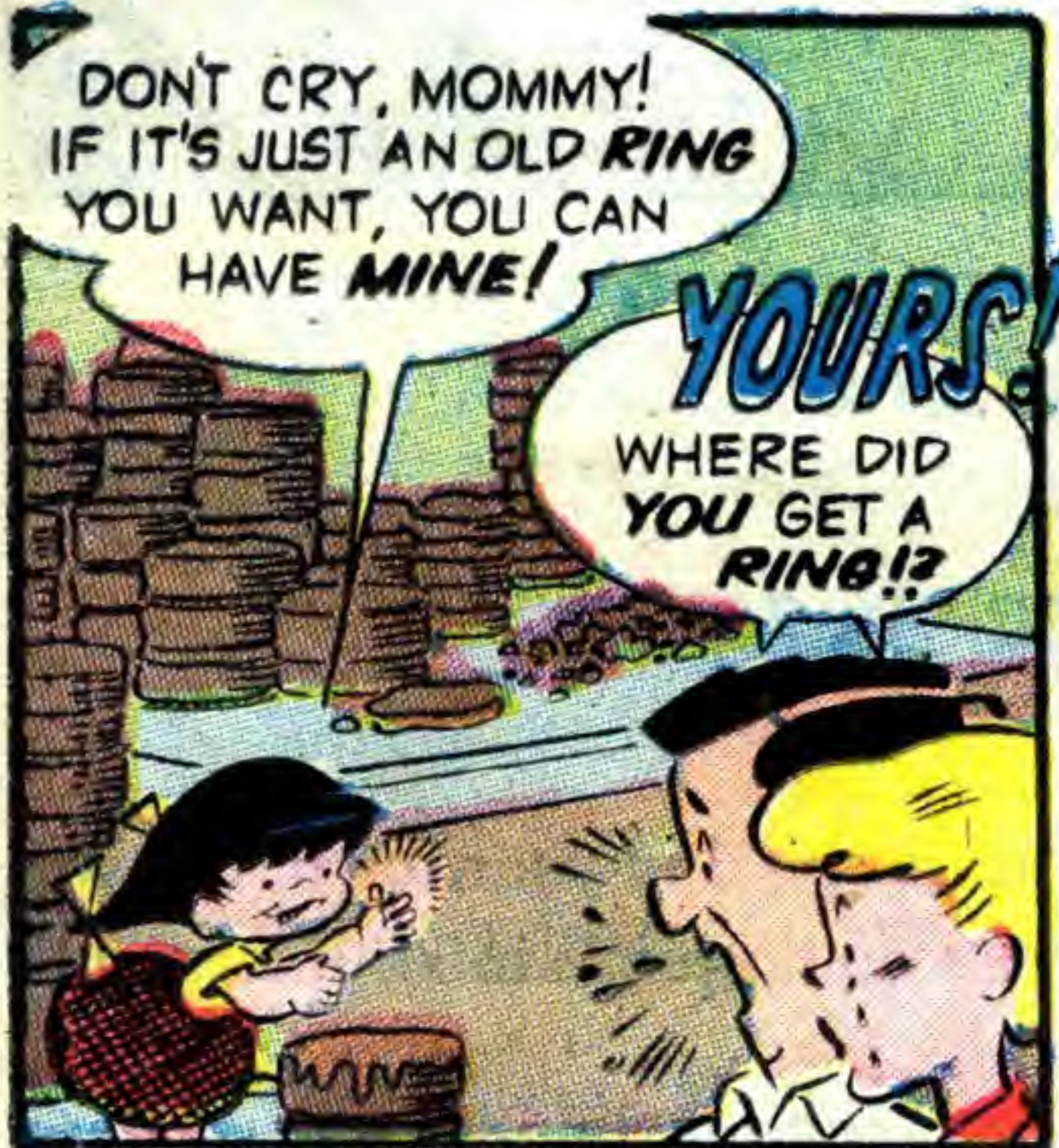
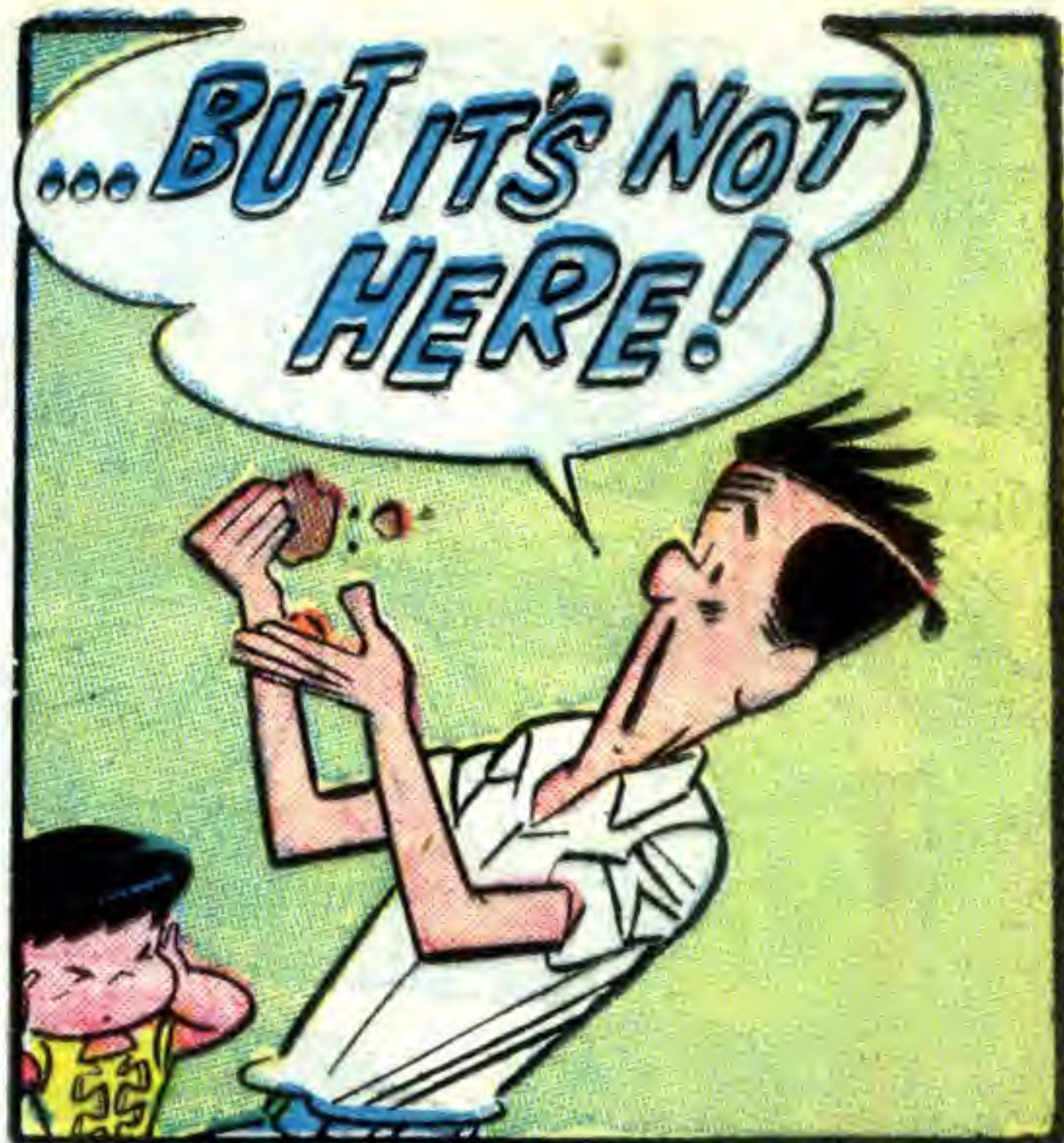
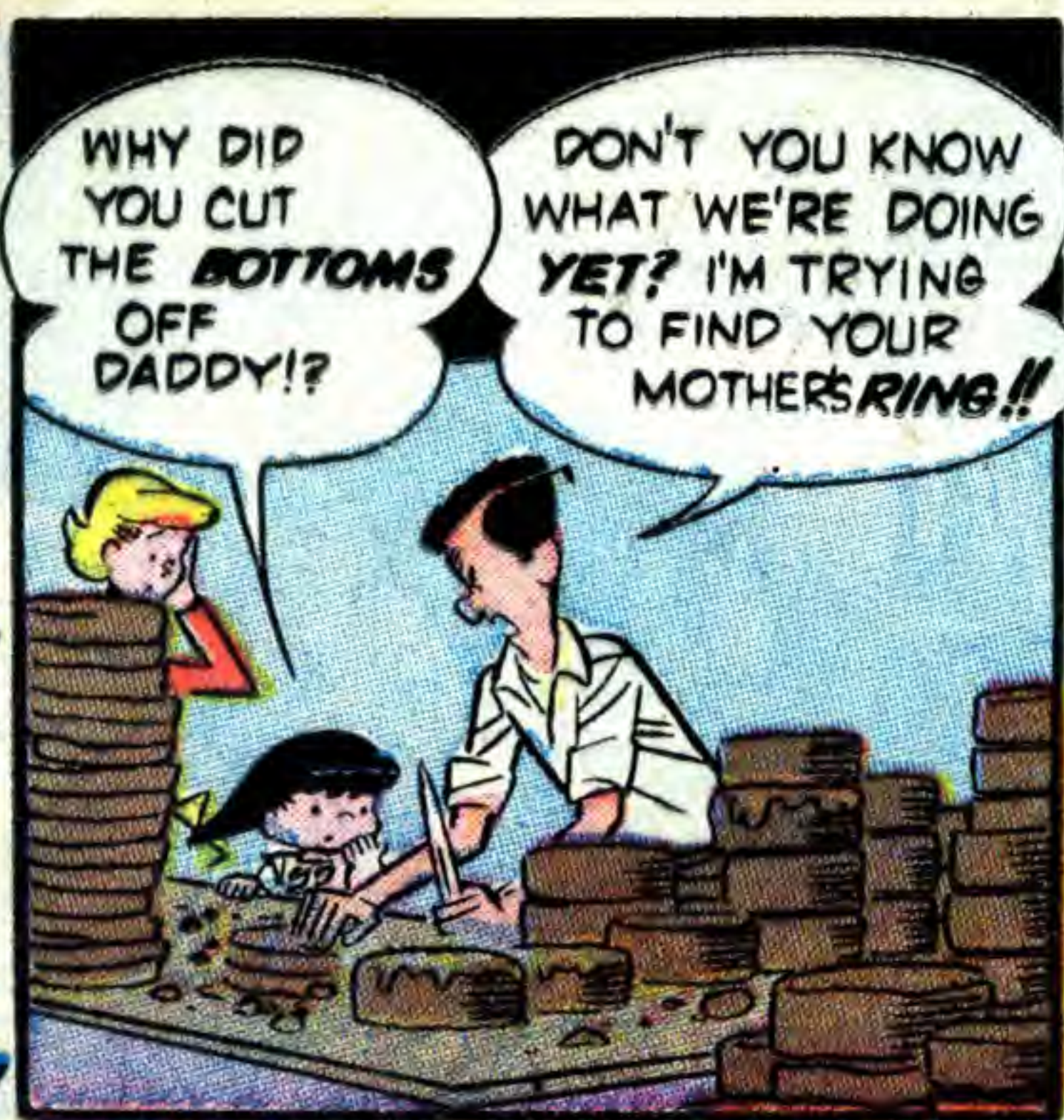
















# ANGEL OF MERCY

*by* Charlotte Kay

When you have walked or driven past the hospital in your town, did you ever think that 100 years ago, there really were no hospitals in all the world?

There is your hospital, a beautiful building, equipped with every modern scientific apparatus, staffed with doctors and nurses, all there to help you get well when you are sick, to save your life, and to make you comfortable when pain strikes.

Modern medicine has made enormous strides and we should think how lucky we are to have such a boon to health as the modern hospital, clean and efficient.

It really all started with a wonderful woman in London — Florence Nightingale. When she was a young lady, she noticed there were really very few hospitals. No one had trained nurses. No one ever heard of a trained nurse. Sick women were aided crudely by ignorant scrubwomen and dying men were helped by porters with no training at all.



The whole idea of a scientifically trained nurse had never been thought of. But Florence Nightingale decided that something must be done. While she was studying this horrible situation, war broke out between England and Russia in 1854. Thousands of brave British soldiers were wounded and left to die in filthy caves without proper medical attention and no nurses at all.

So this wonderful lady, Florence Nightingale, organized a small group of young ladies, trained them to be nurses and departed for the battlefield in Crimea.

When she landed she found what the pompous British officers thought was a hospital. When she saw it, she recoiled in horror — thousands of men lying on the ground, a few on dirty cots. These poor wounded men hadn't had a change of clothing in days and their bandages were blood soaked rags.

Florence's mind turned into a furious rage. She demanded that the officers order the garbage, filth and litter cleaned up at once. She demanded that the wounded be given decent food and that soldiers be assigned to her to make this den of dirt, disease and death into an antiseptic hospital — the first of its kind in the world.

Both among the army officers and at home in England the politicians, fuzzy duddies, raised a hue and cry that a woman should work under such conditions and with male patients.

But Florence Nightingale paid no attention. She saved thousands of lives and started the whole idea of how hospitals should be run, how nurses should be trained and how sick people must be cared for.

When she returned to England a huge fund to honor this heroine was raised — one quarter of a million dollars — so that she could start the first modern hospital in London.

When you walk or drive past your hospital you may well think gratefully that the courage and perseverance of Florence Nightingale is alone responsible for this wonderful asset to your community.

Nurses, "angels of mercy", ever since that time have been trained in modern medicine and have become a corps of the finest women the world over, devoted to the very highest ideals and the saving of life.

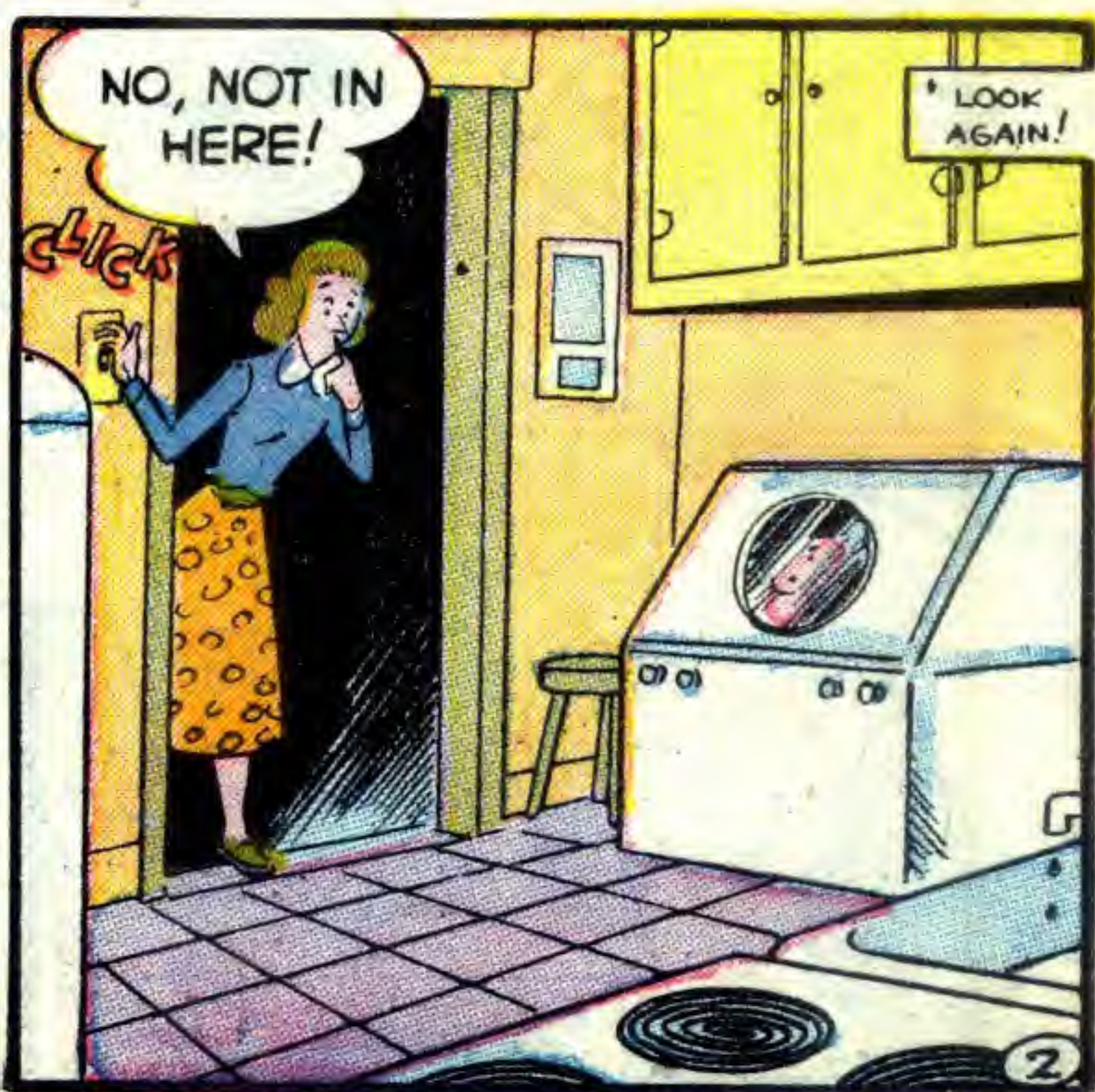
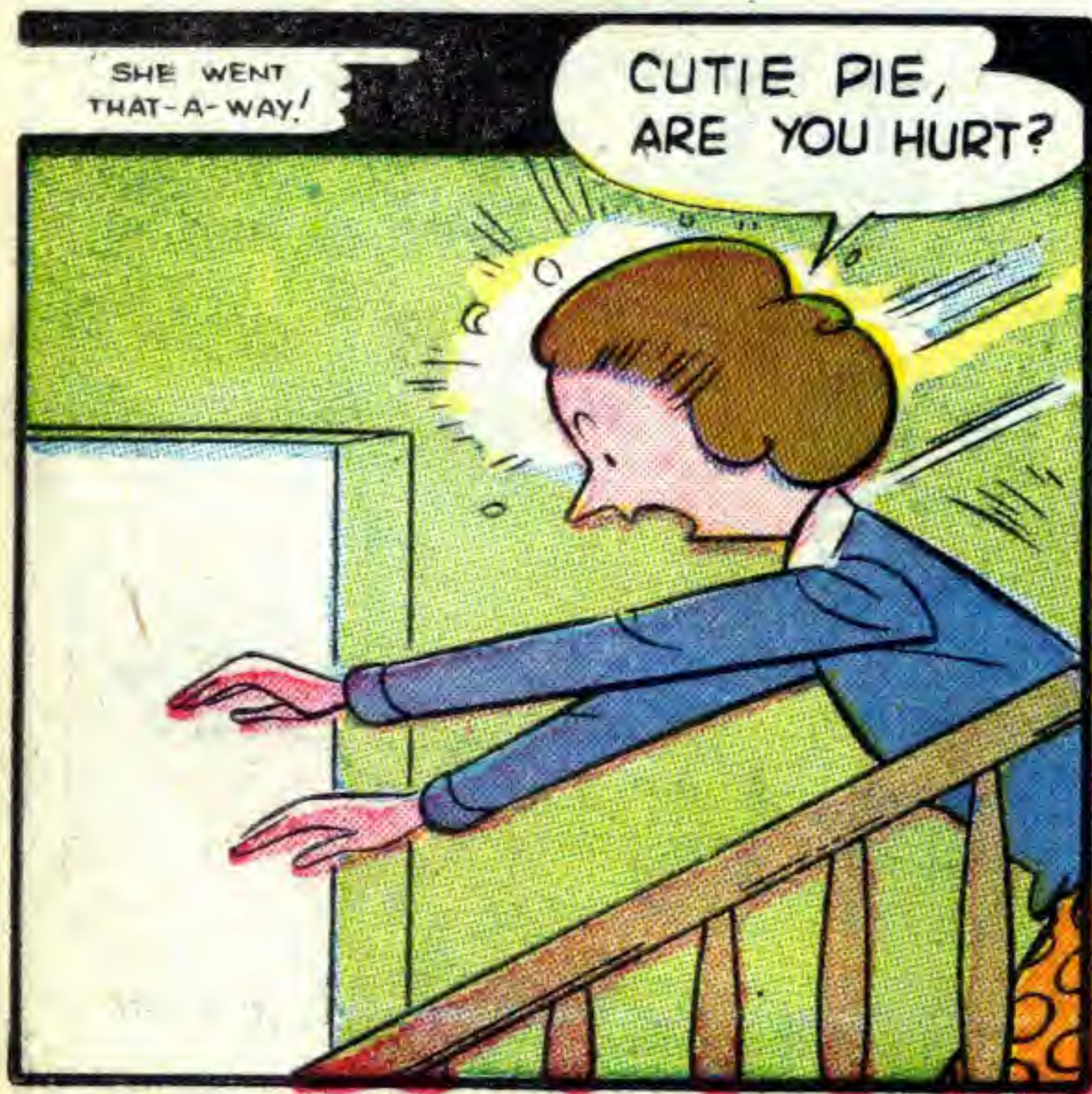
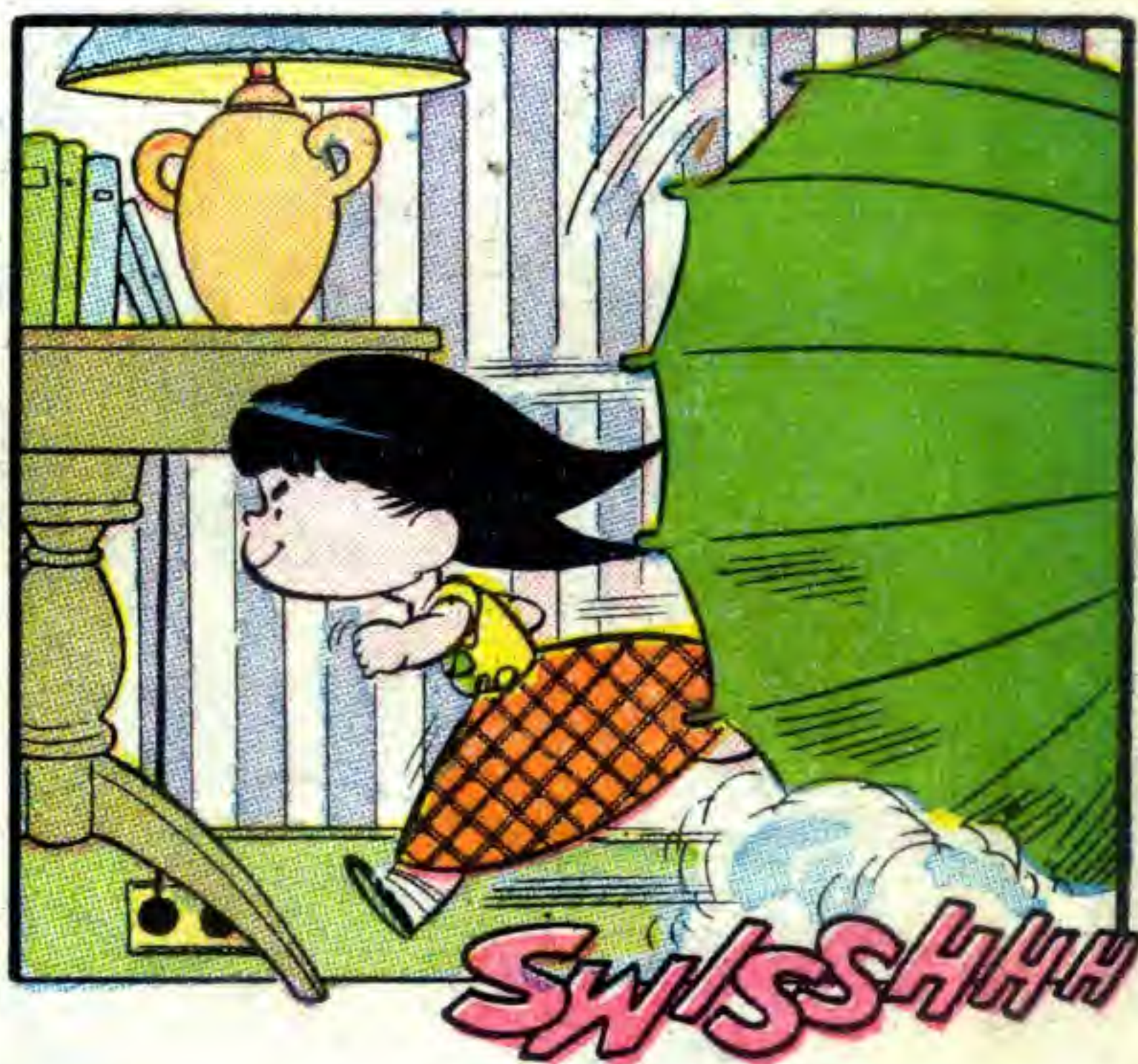
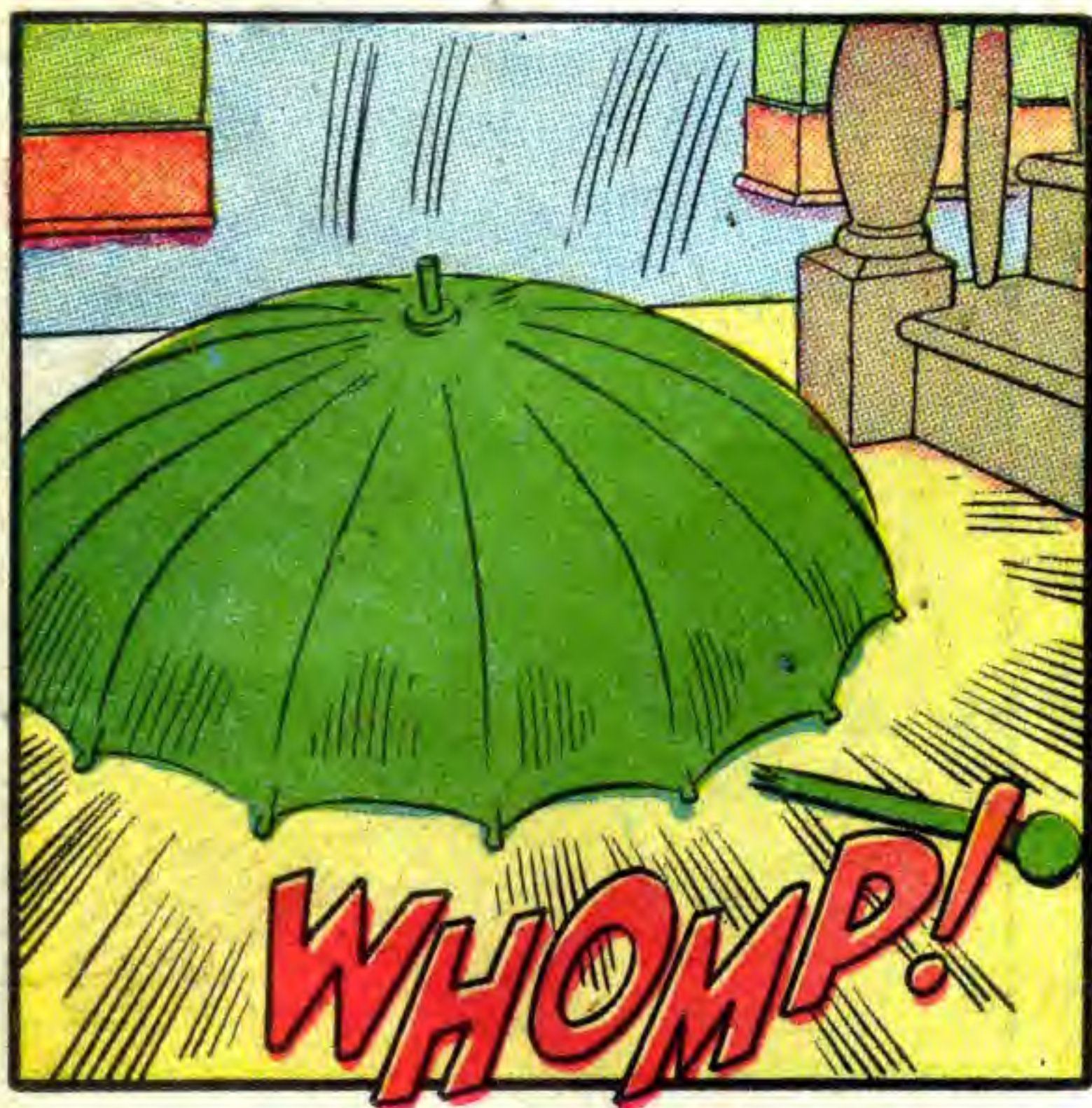
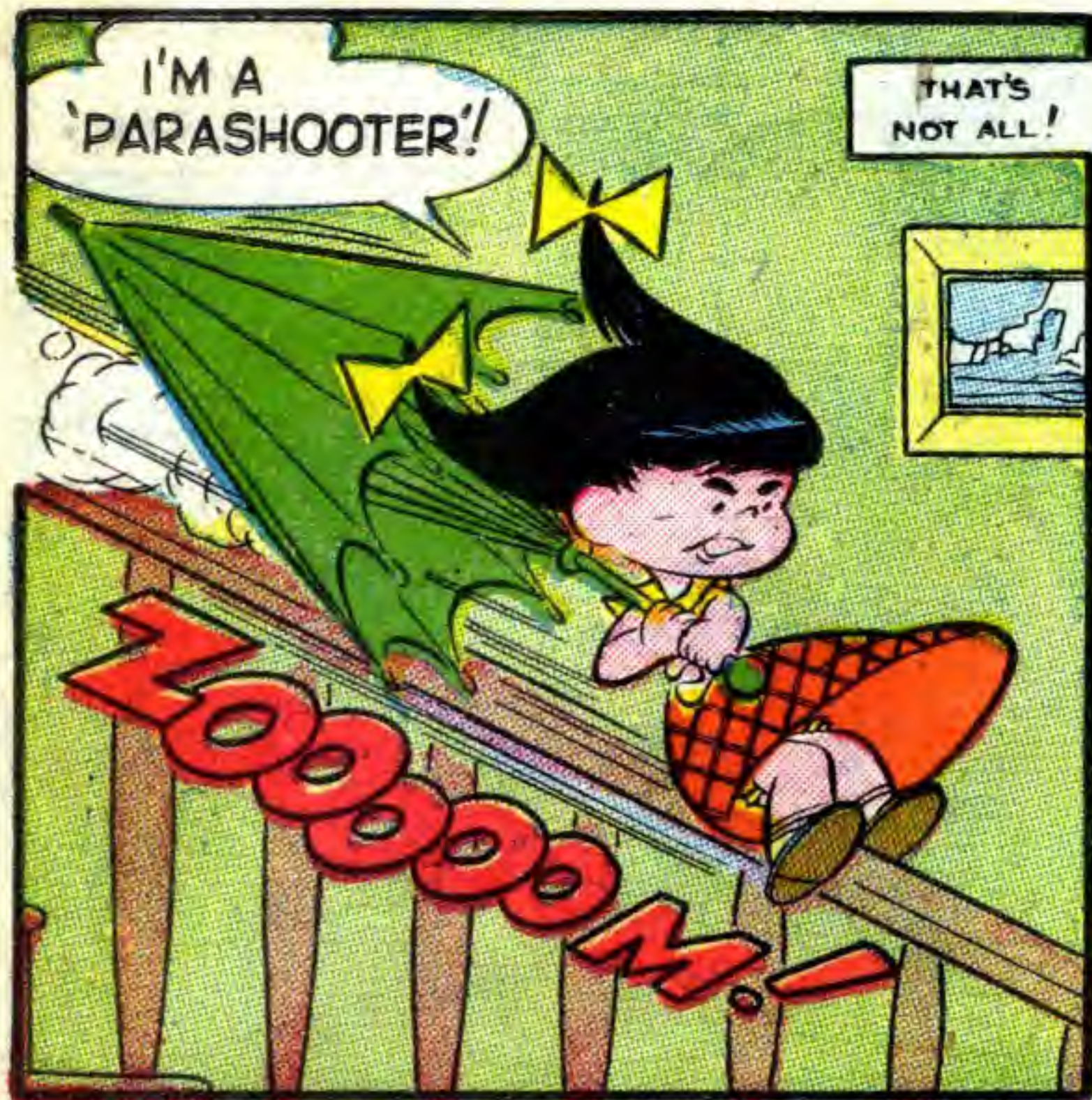


# Cutie Pie

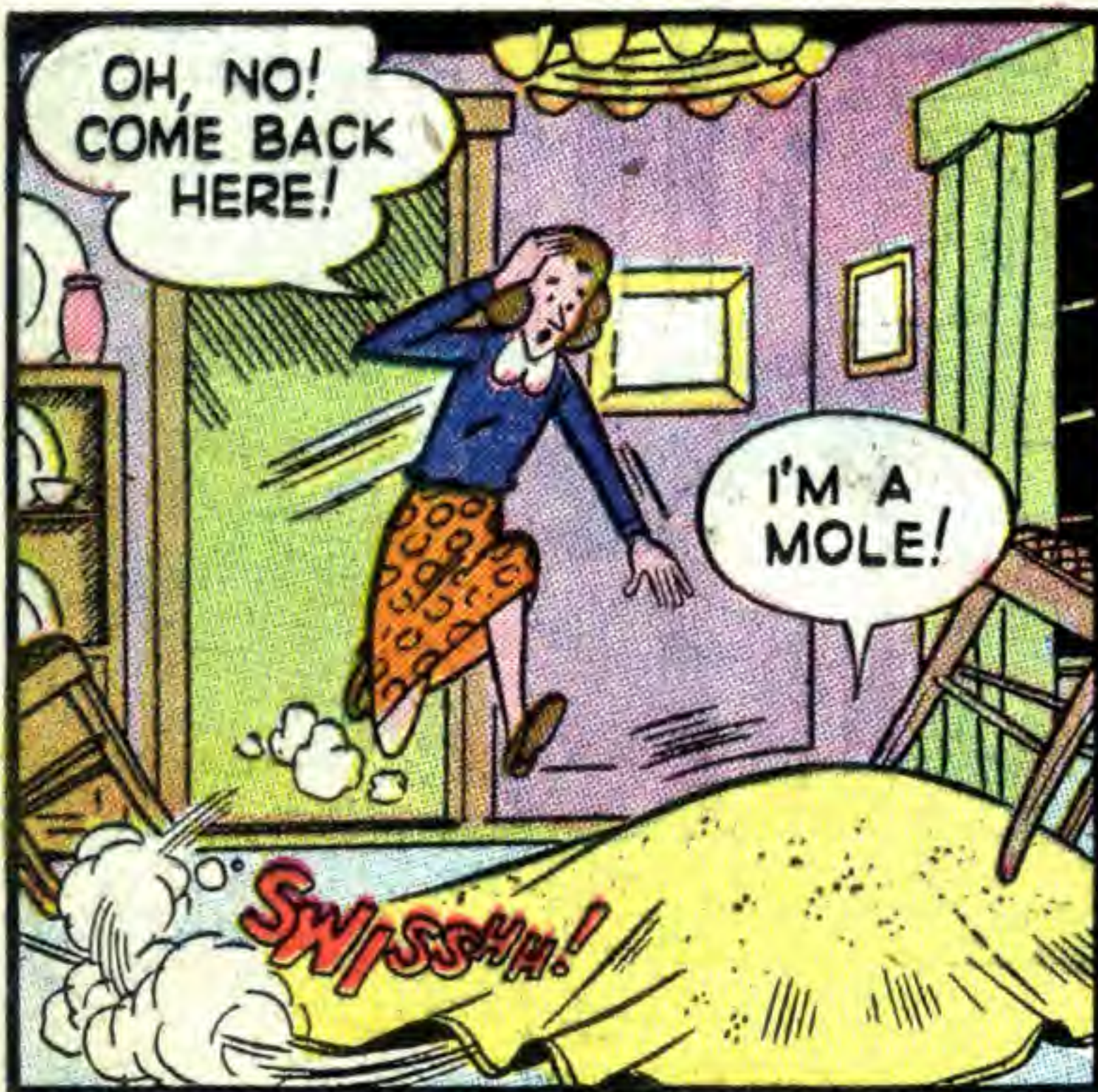
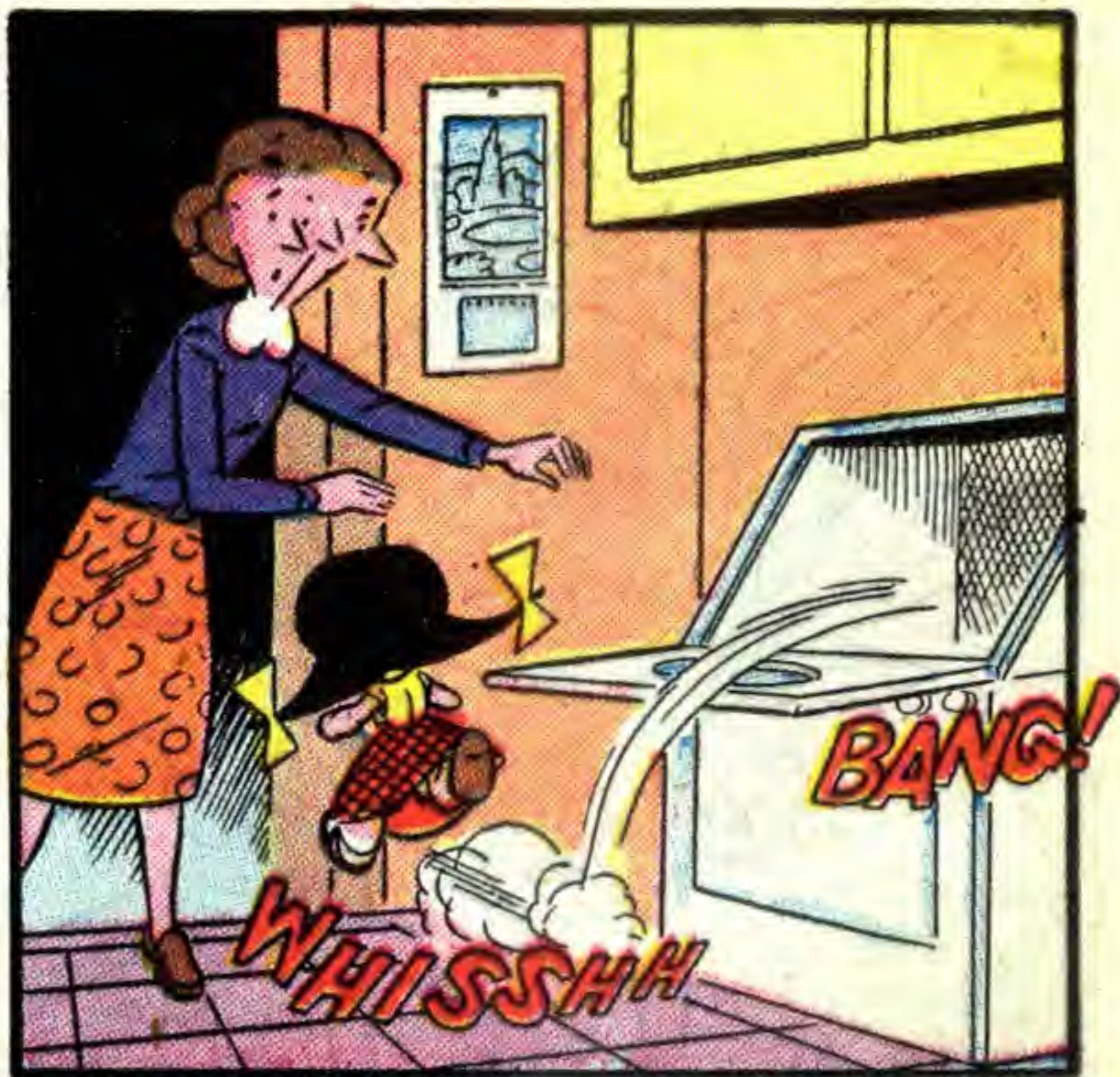
in *sitter's siller*











HOURS  
LATER





# Cutie Pie

A Slight Handicap



DON'T DO THAT CUTIE PIE! MY HEAD IS SPLITTING!



ARE YOU SURE MOMMY!? I DON'T SEE NO SPLIT!

NEVER MIND! JUST GET OFF THE BED!

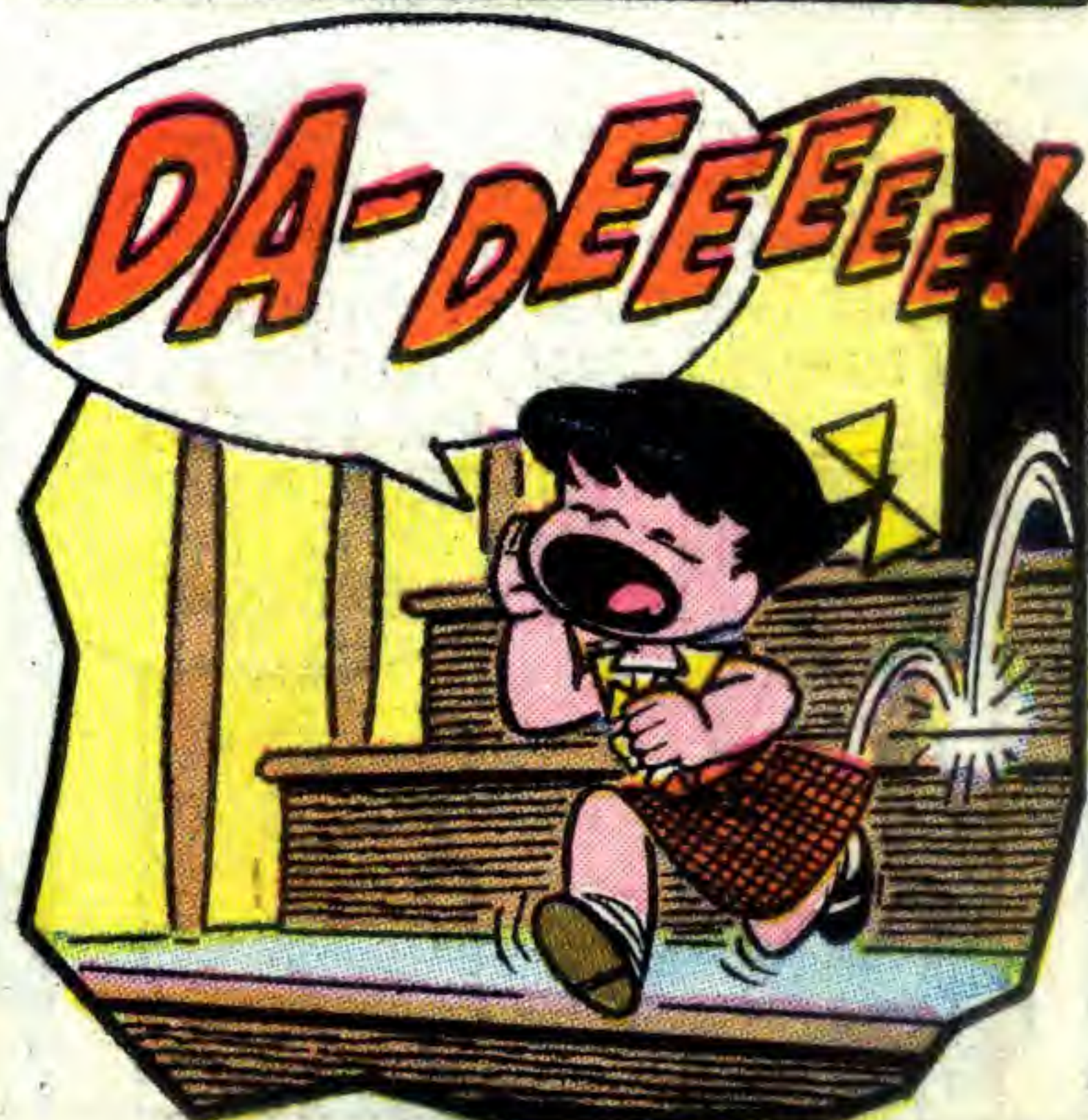


GO FIND YOUR DADDY!

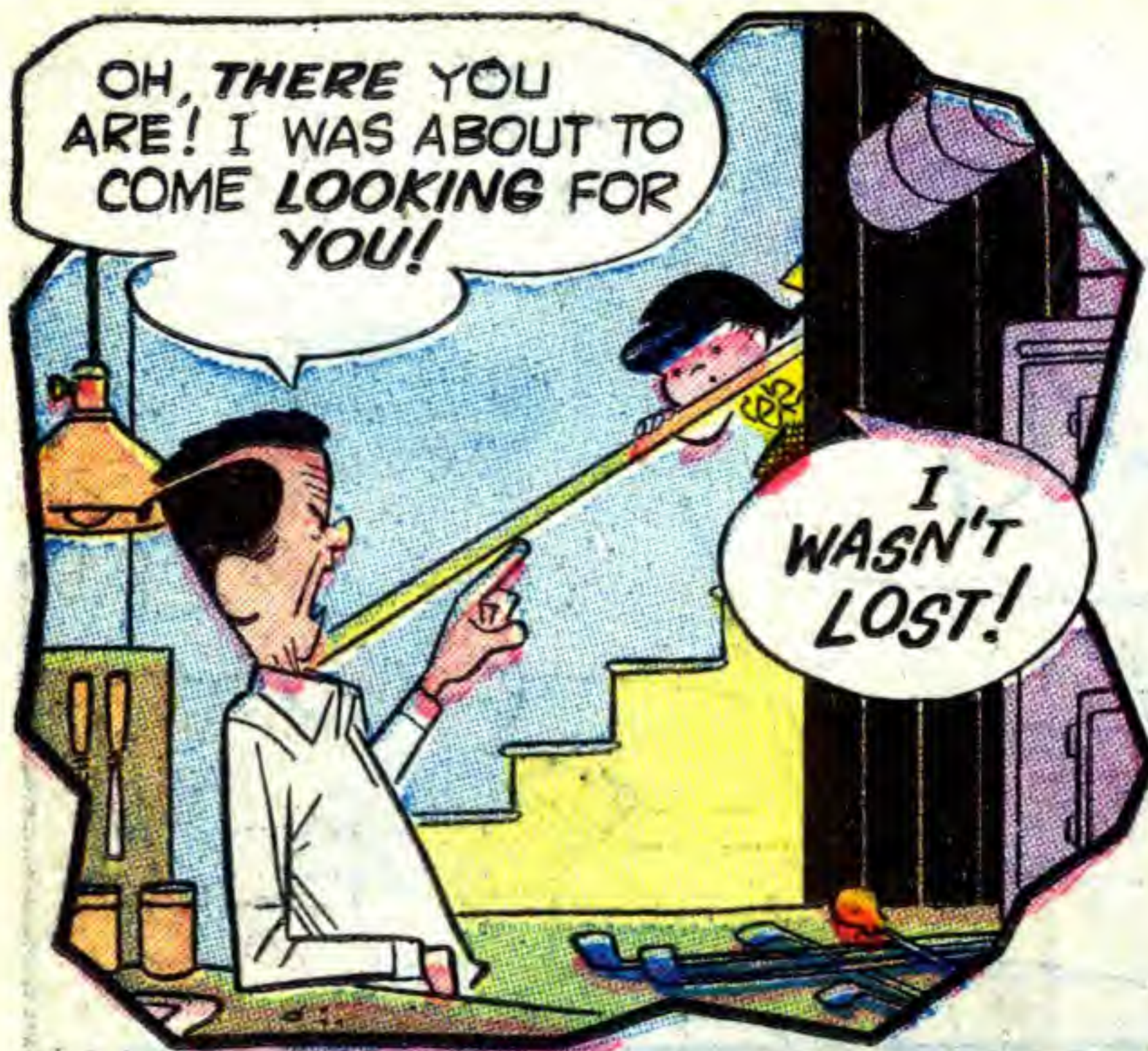
IS HE LOST?



DA-DEEEEEE!







OH, THERE YOU ARE! I WAS ABOUT TO COME LOOKING FOR YOU!

I WASN'T LOST!



I KNOW, BUT MY GOLF BAG IS, AND I HAVE A HUNCH YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND IT!

ME, DADDY!



YES, **YOU!** I'LL COUNT TO TEN, AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE IT HERE WHEN I FINISH! **ONE...TWO...**

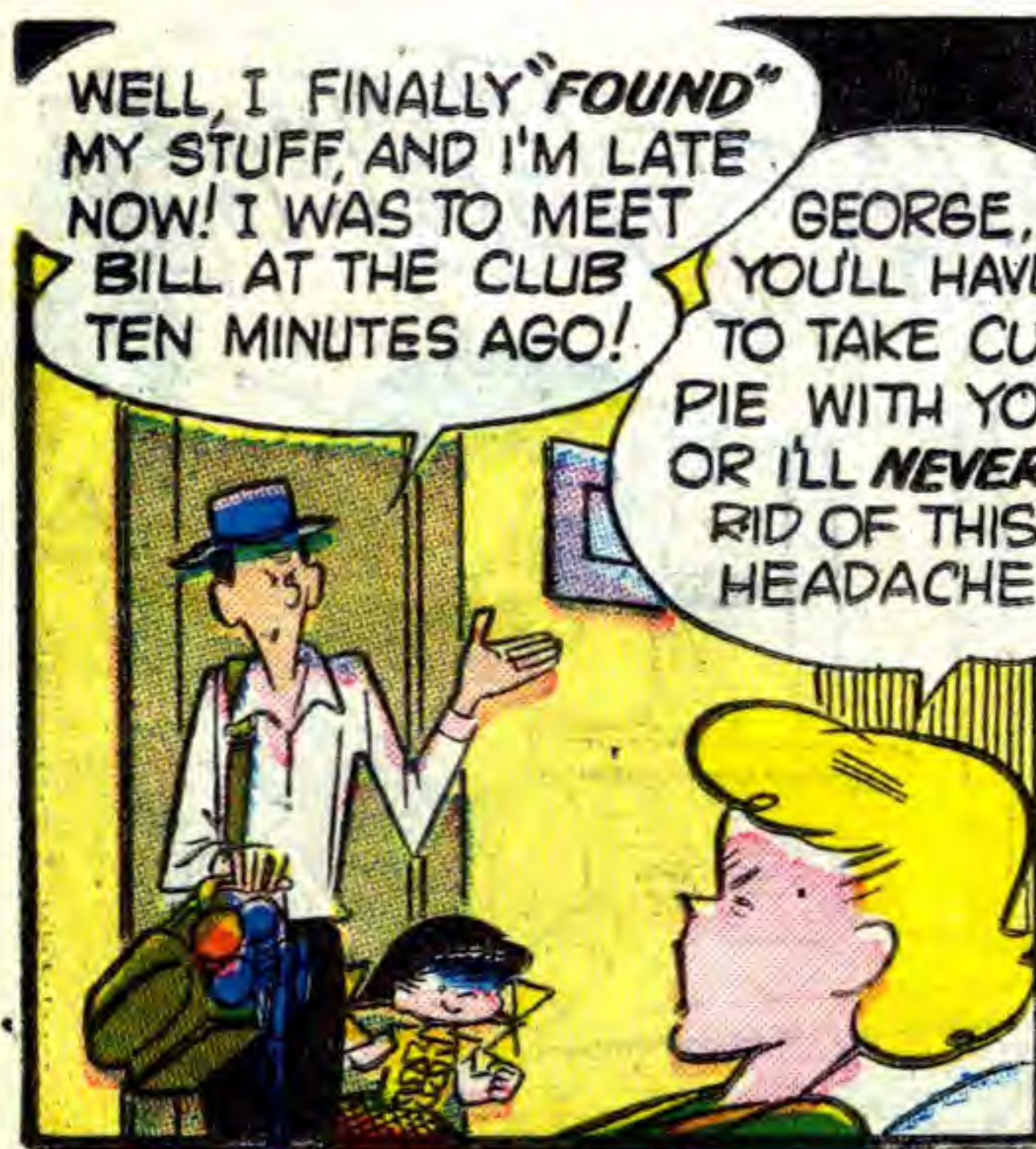
SWISHHH



...EIGHT...NINE...

OH HHHHHH!

I FOUND IT DADDY!



WELL, I FINALLY "FOUND" MY STUFF, AND I'M LATE NOW! I WAS TO MEET BILL AT THE CLUB TEN MINUTES AGO!

GEORGE, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE CUTIE PIE WITH YOU, OR I'LL NEVER GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE!



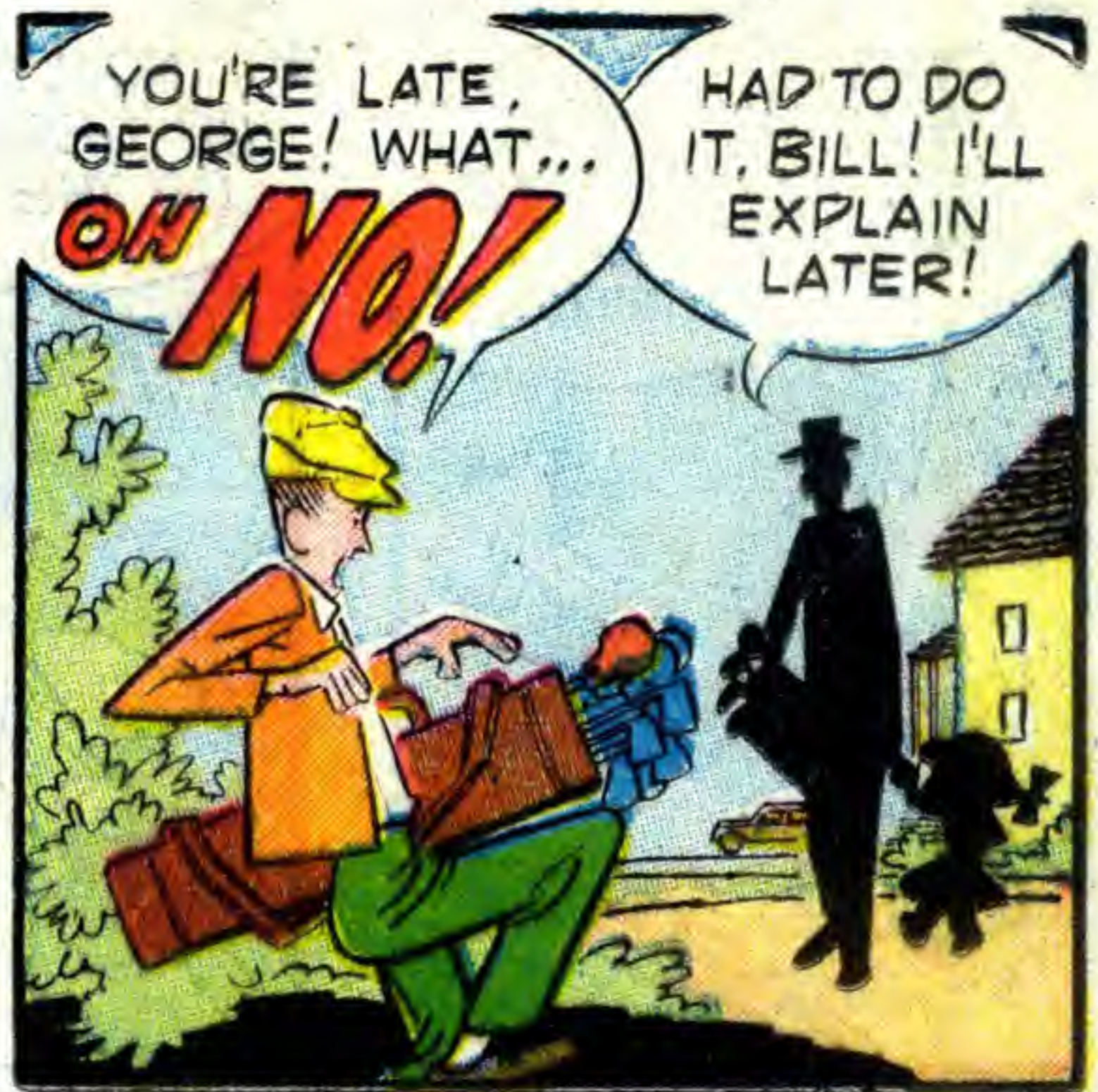
TAKE HER TO THE GOLF COURSE! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!?



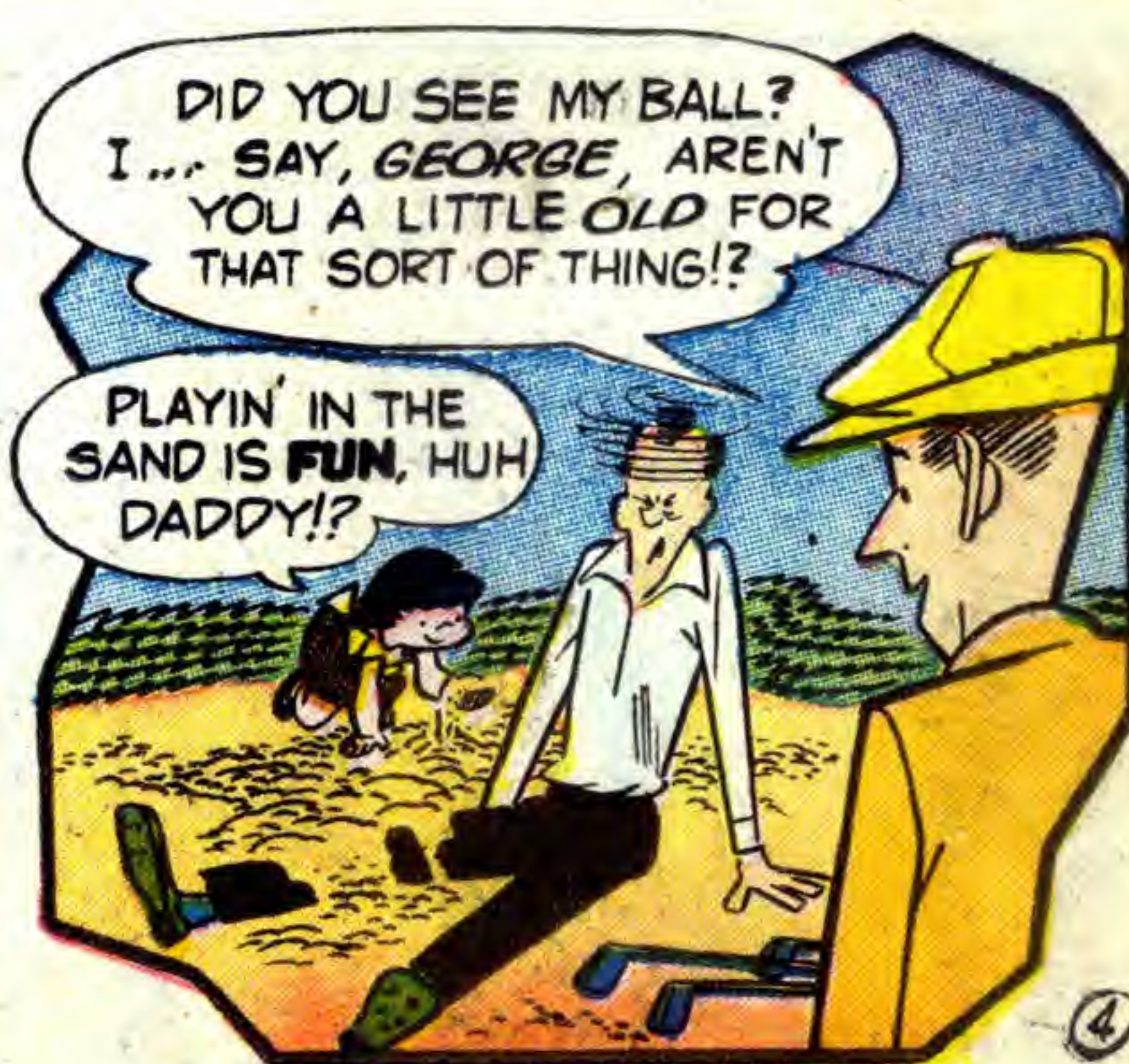
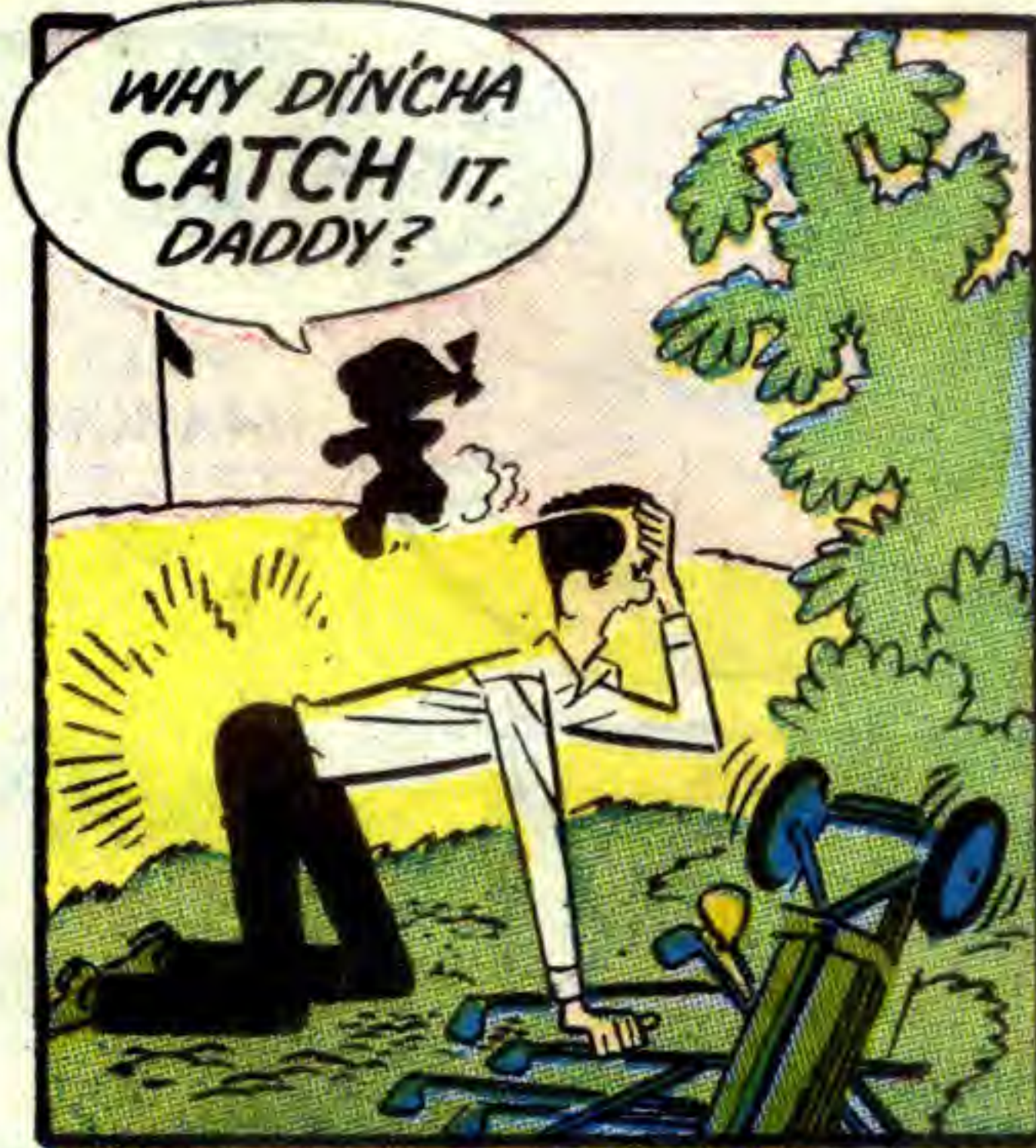
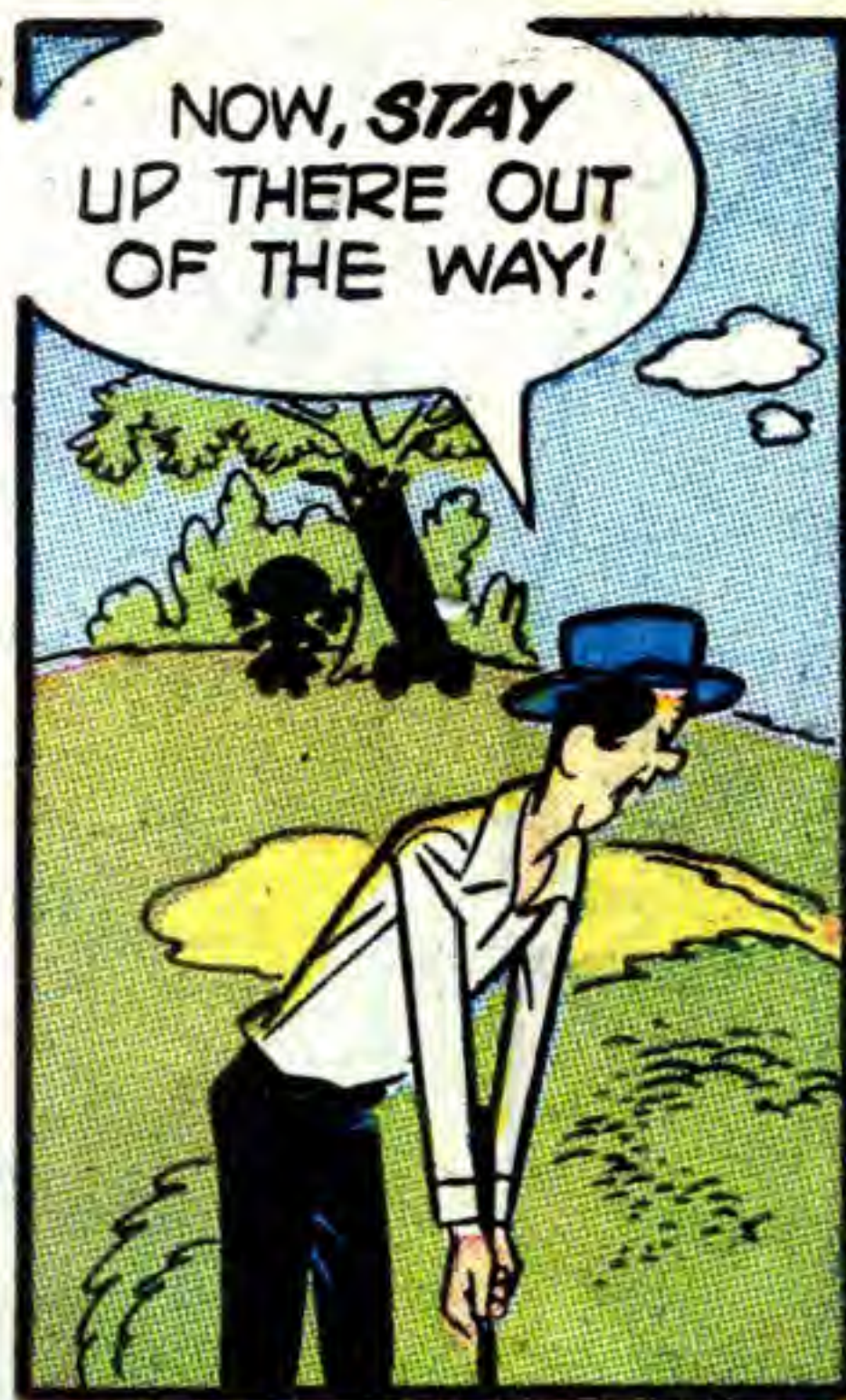
NEVER! NEVER! ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY,

NEVER!





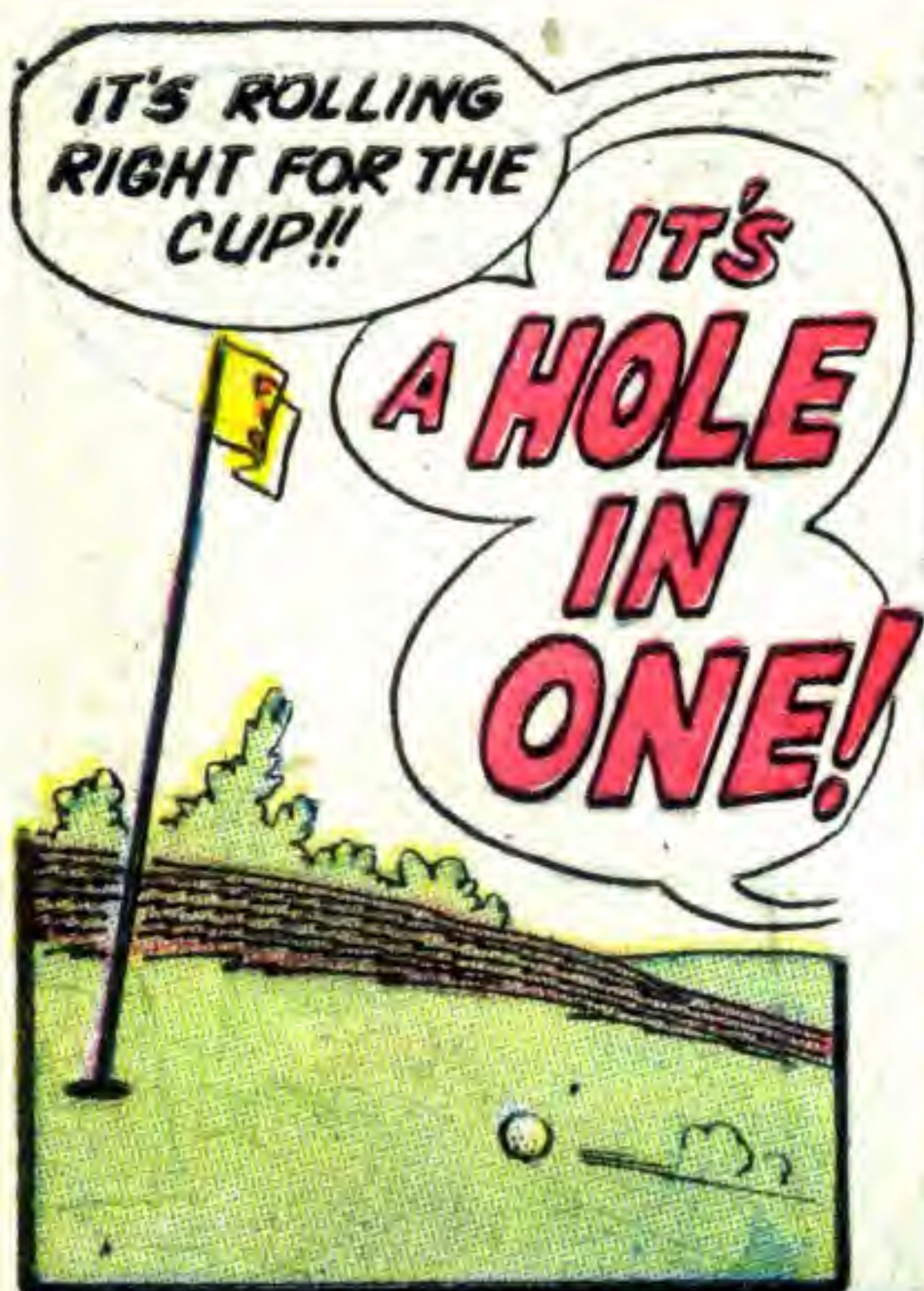




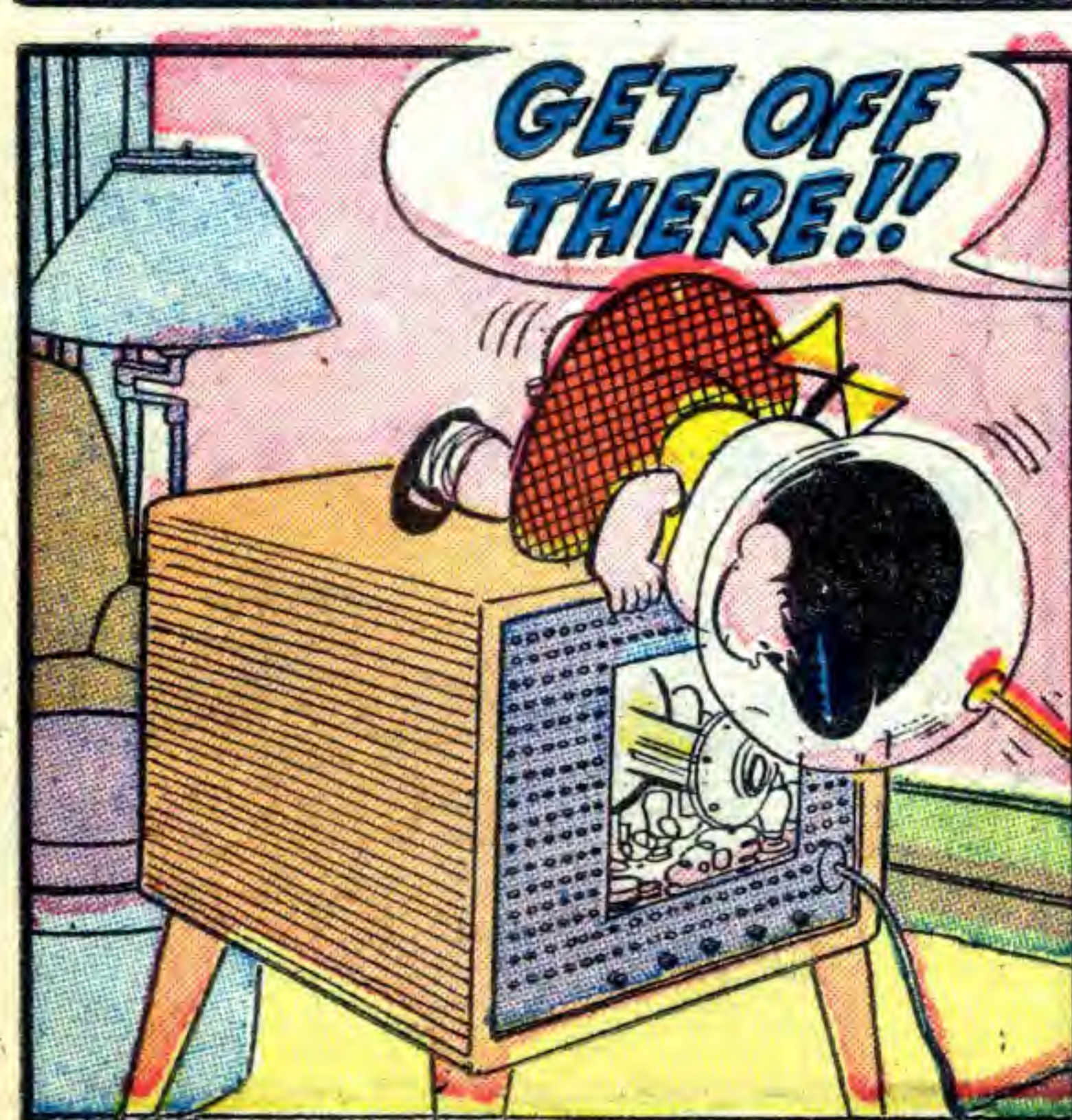
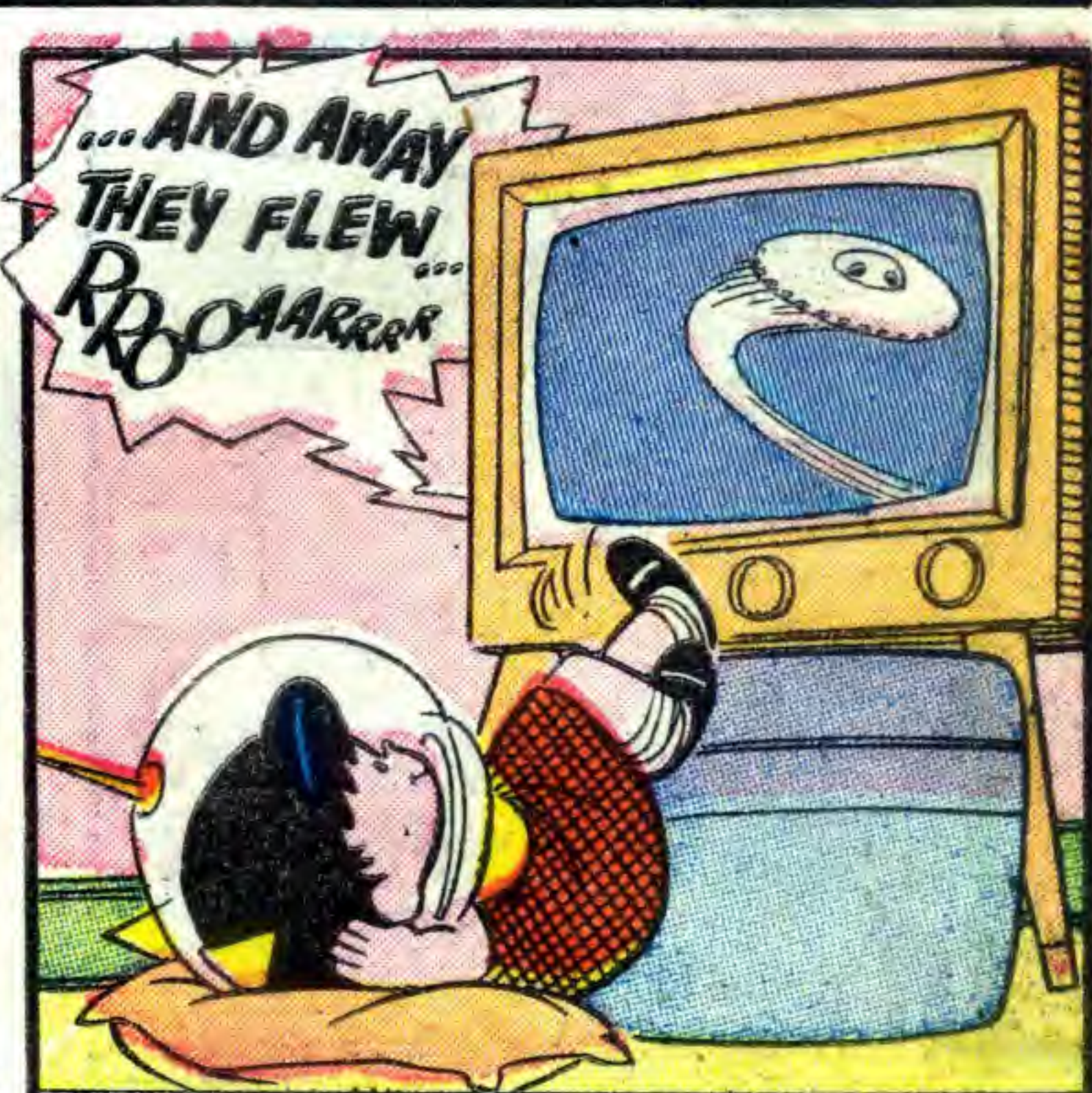
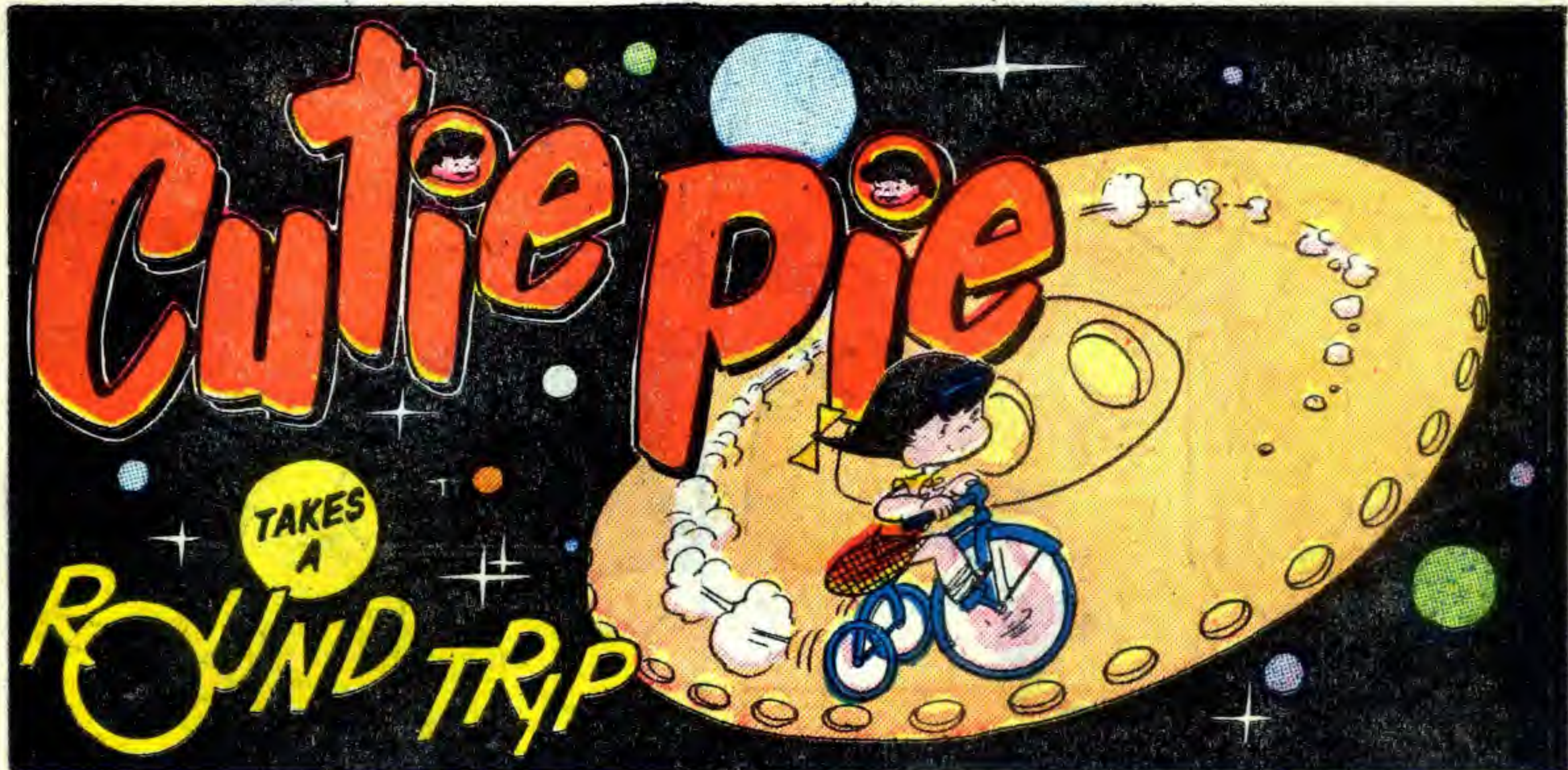




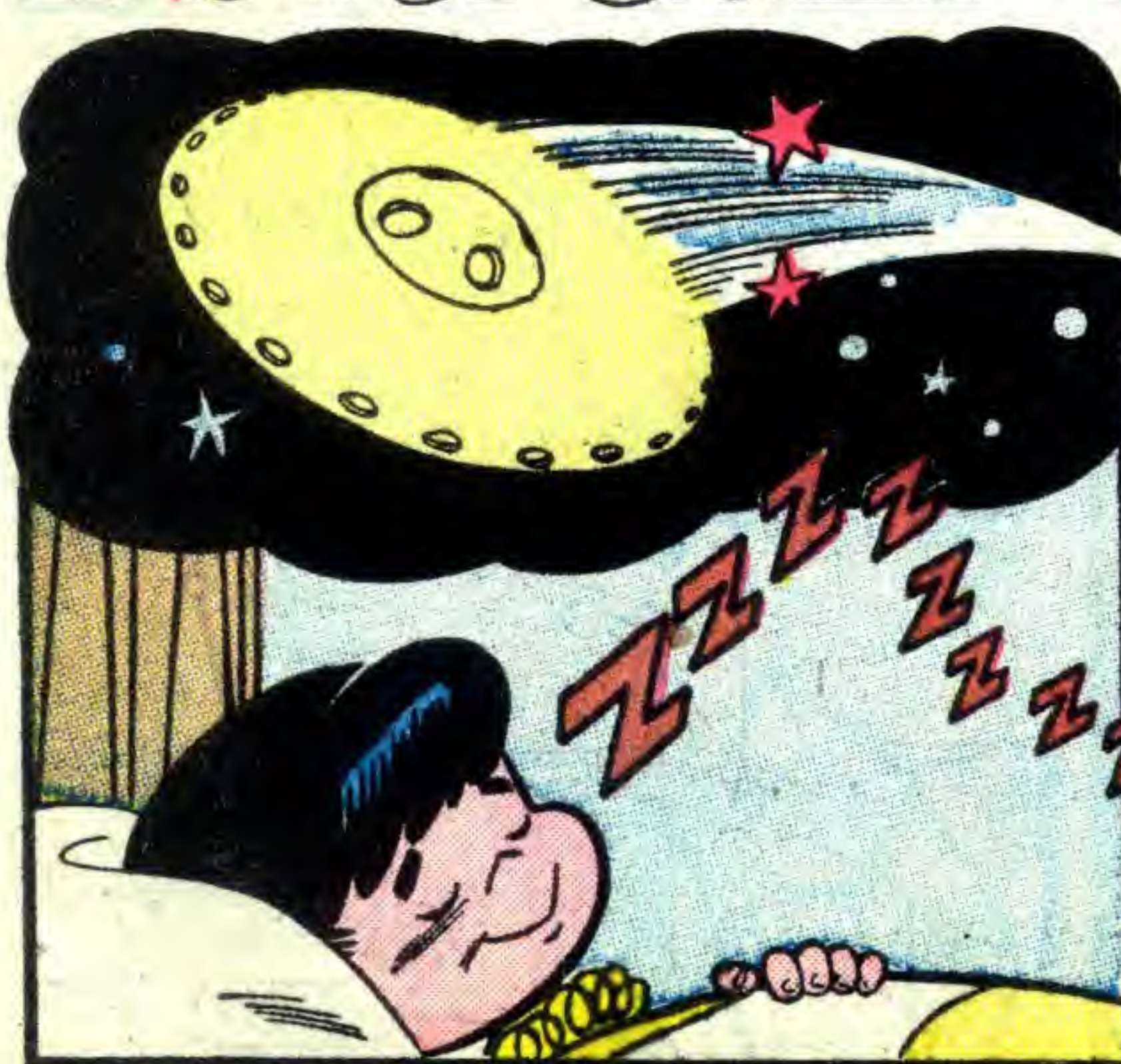
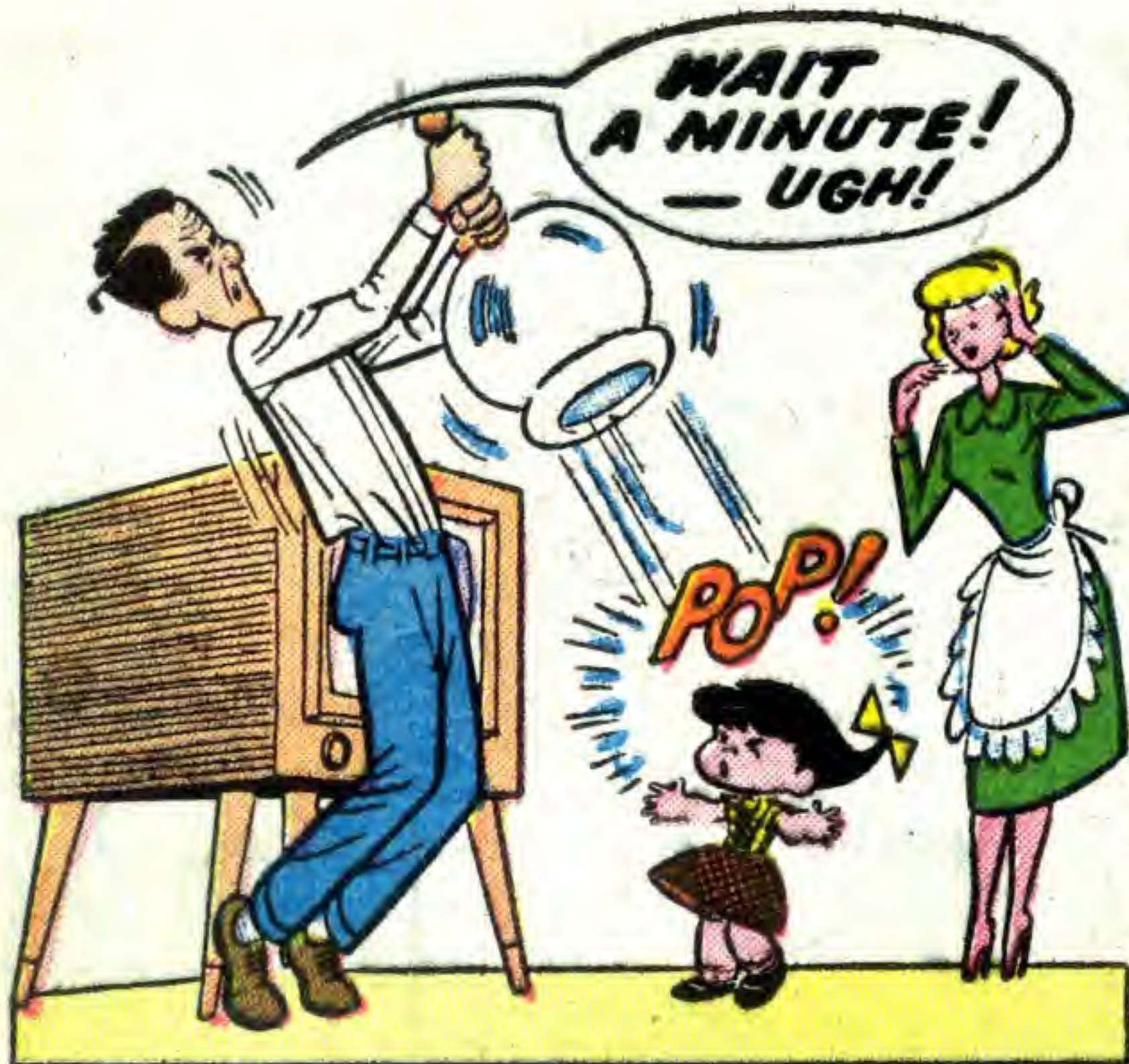




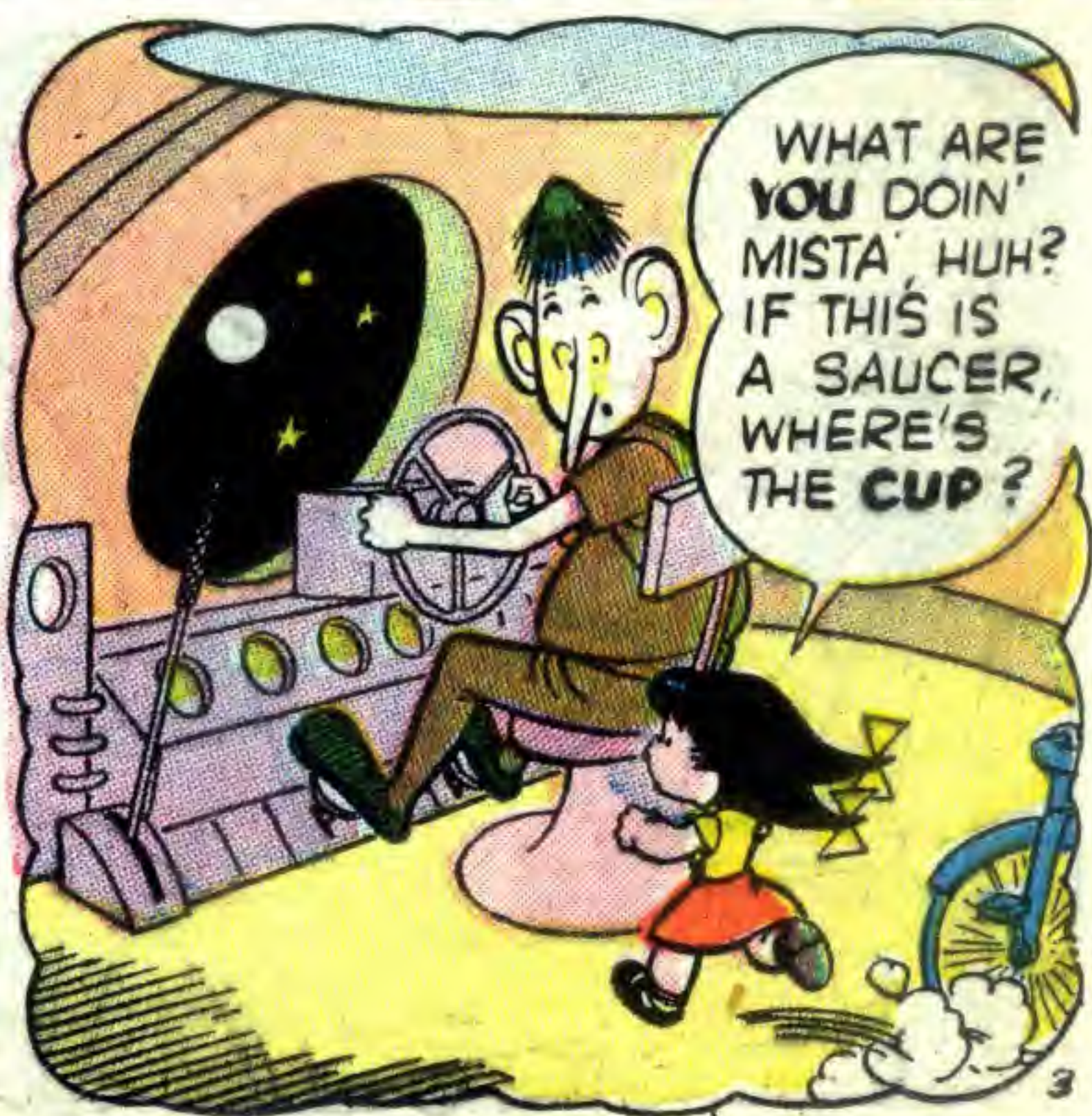
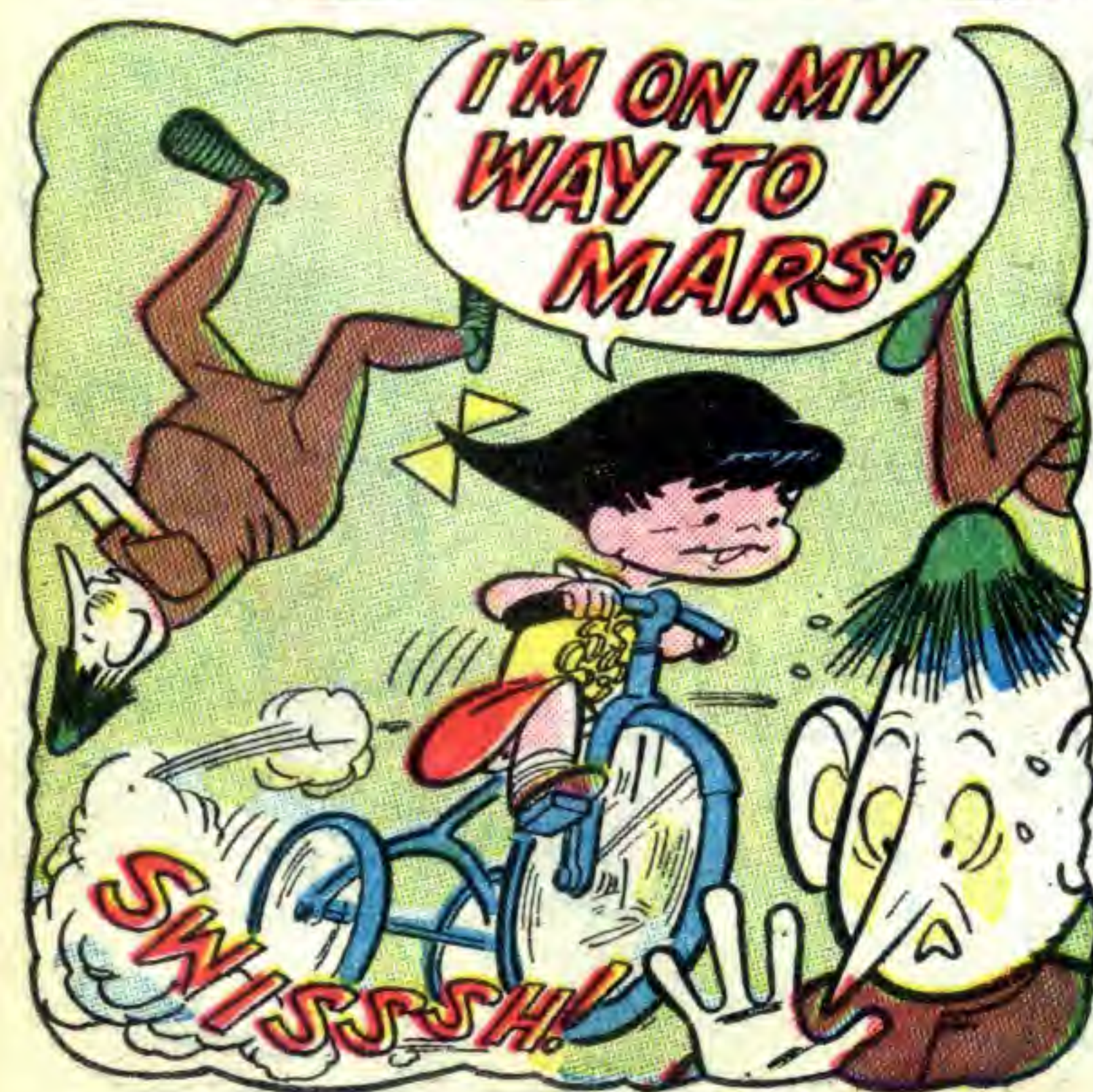
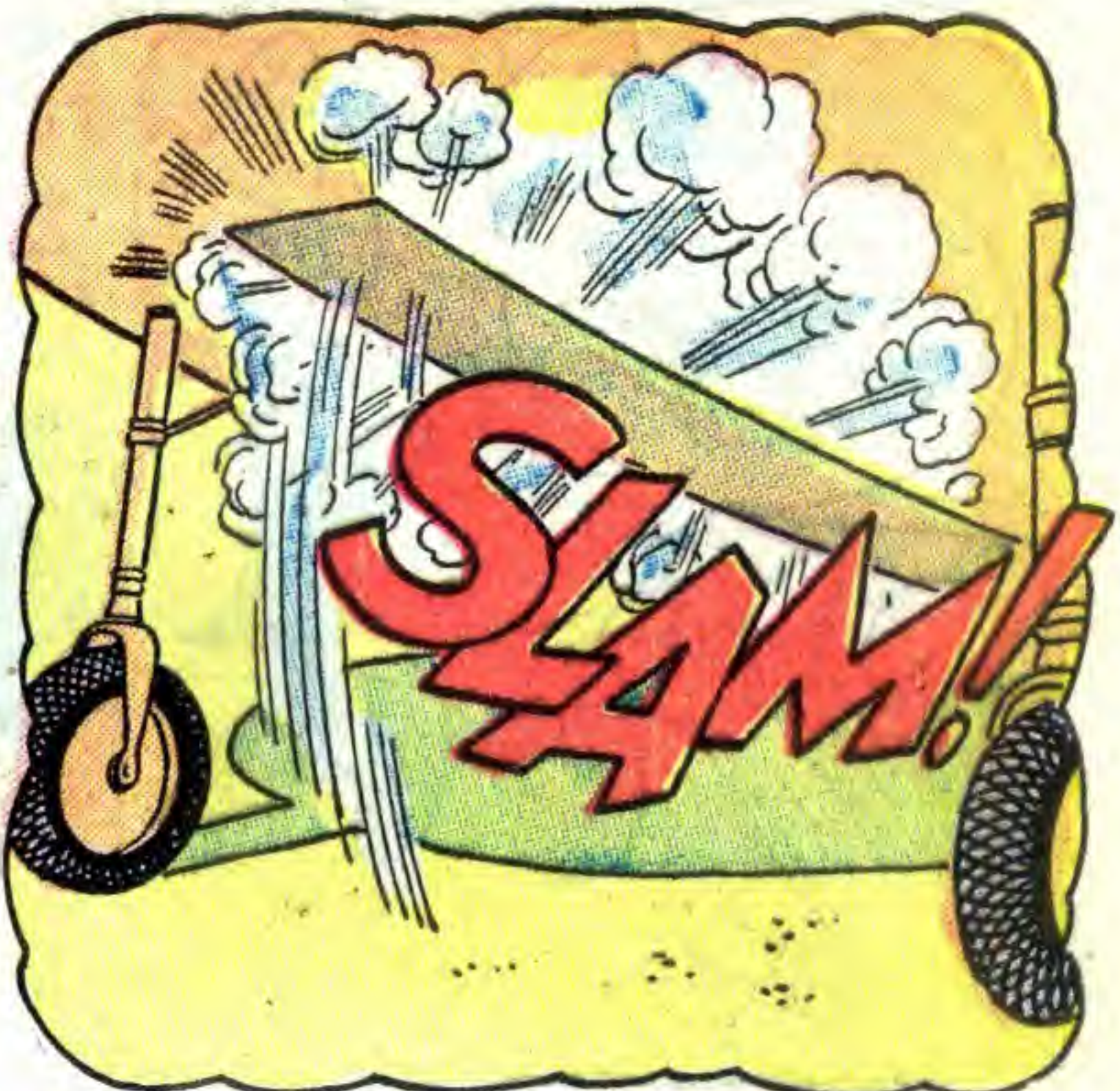
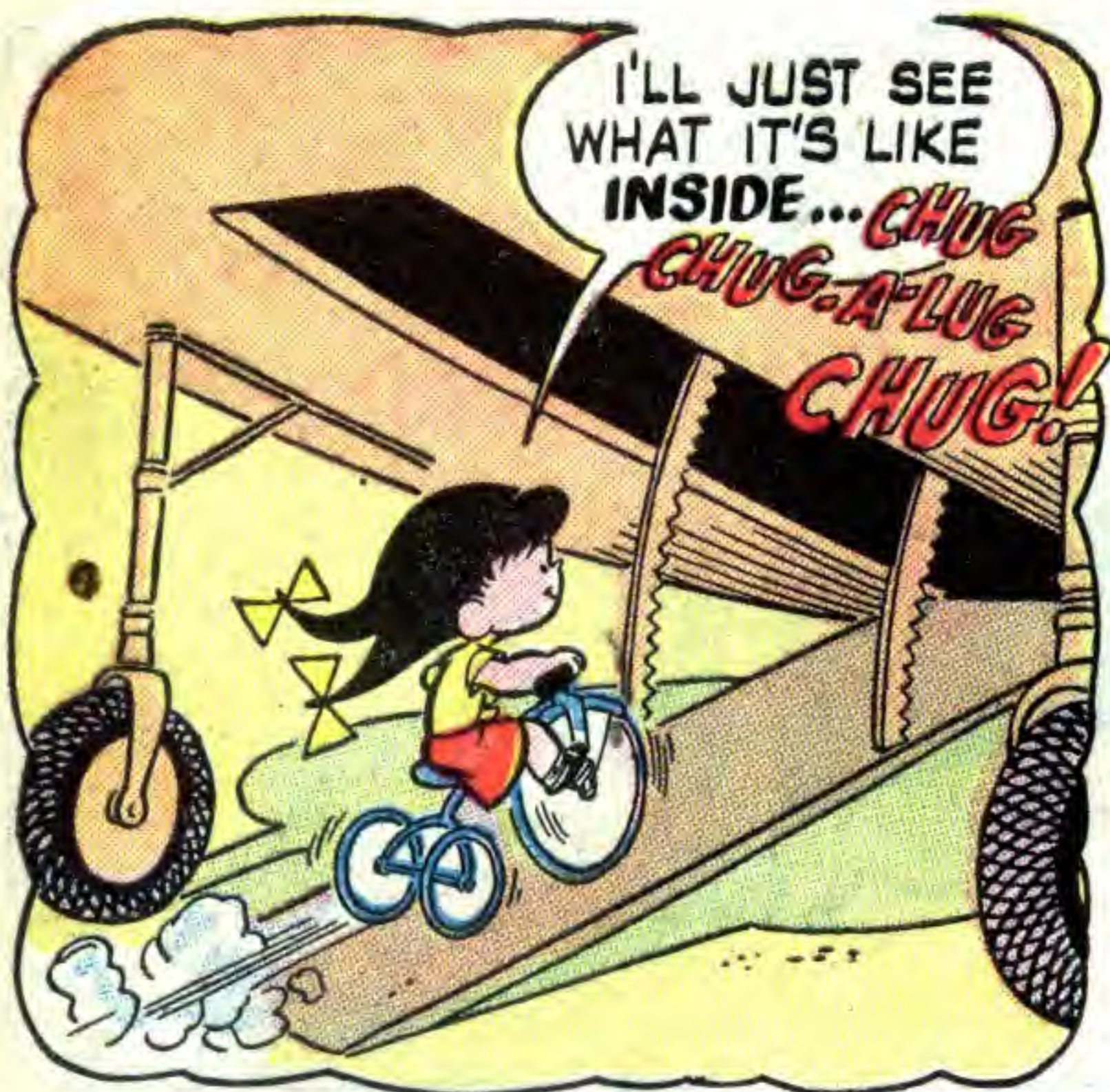




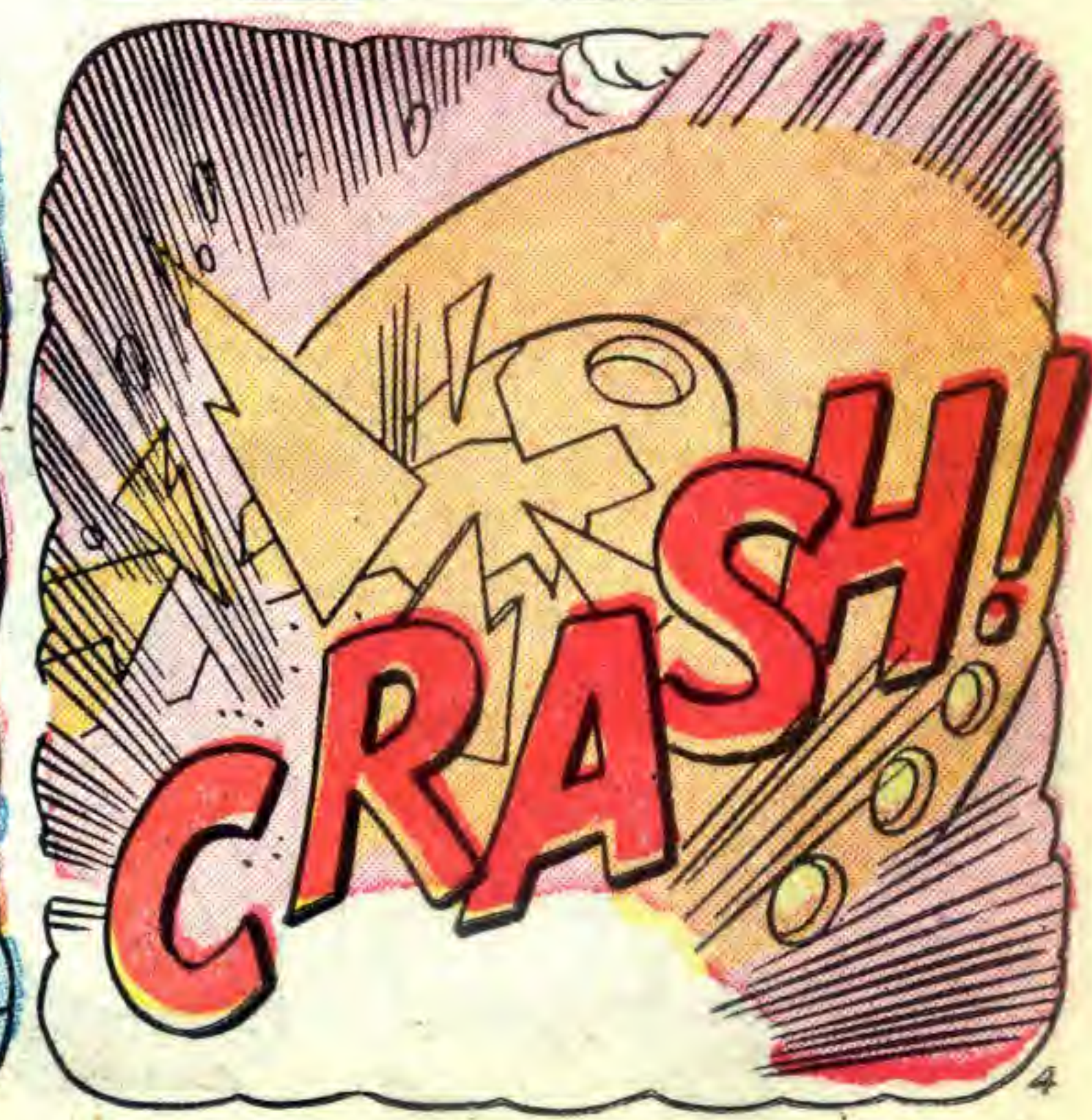
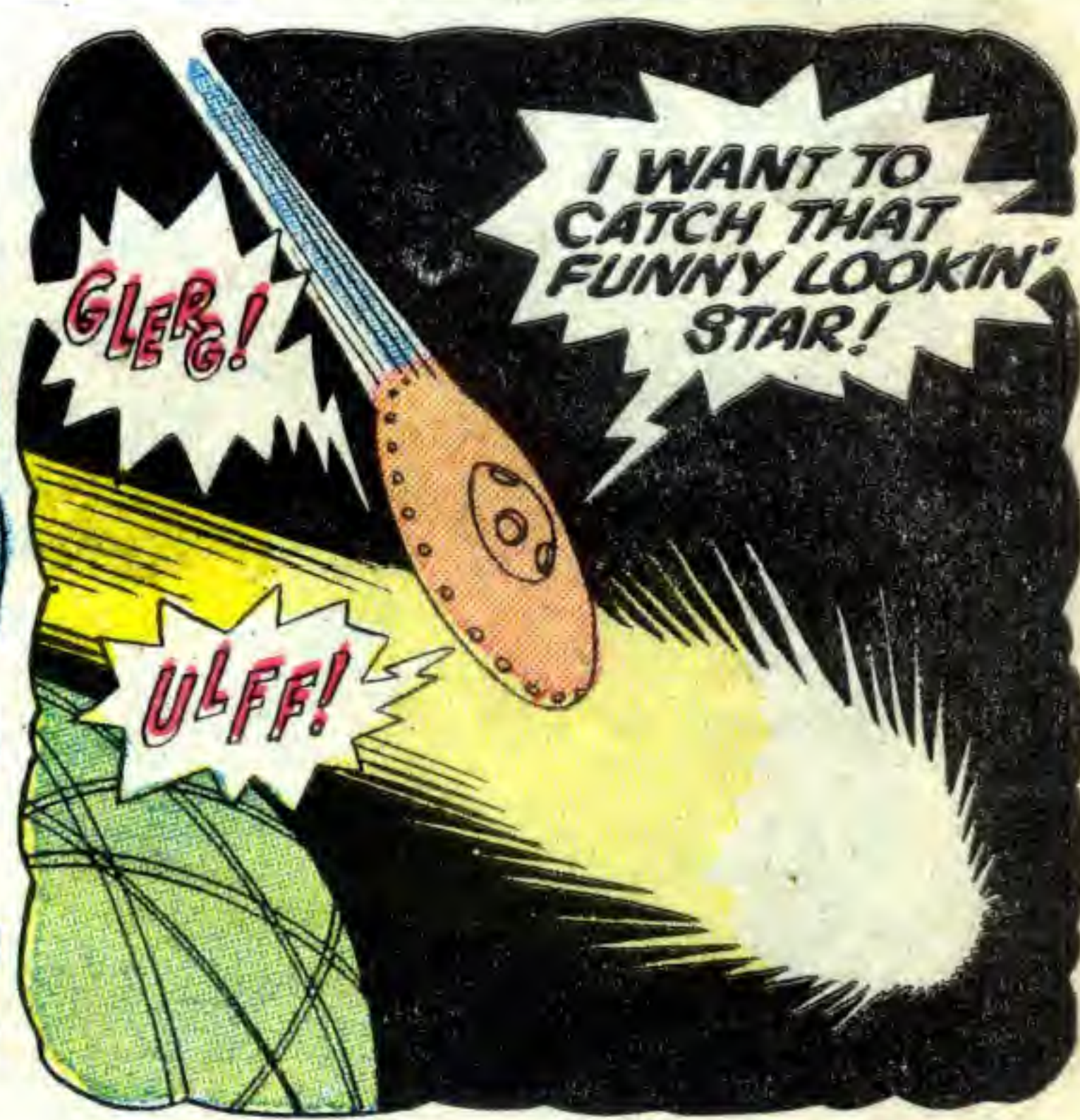




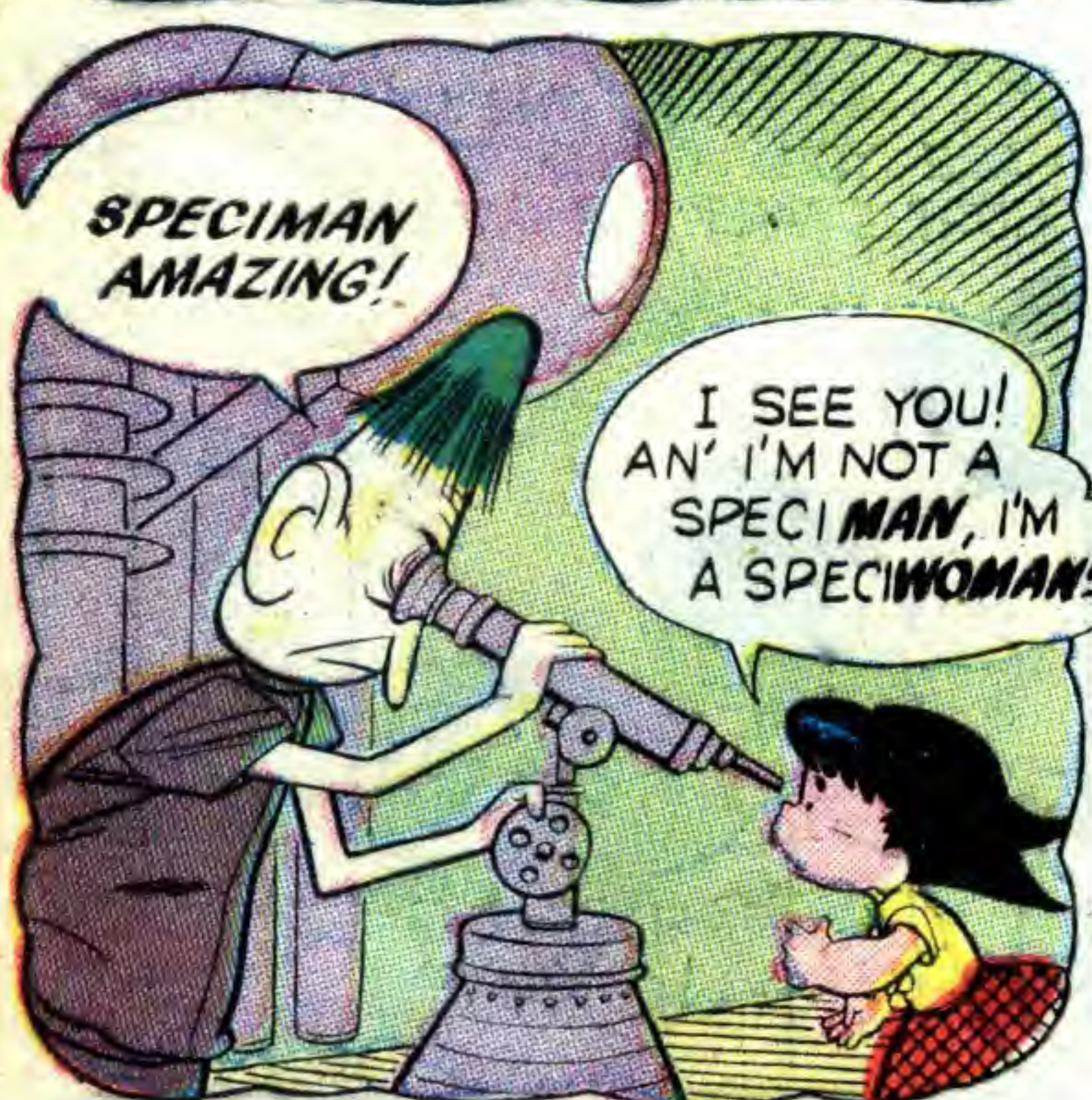
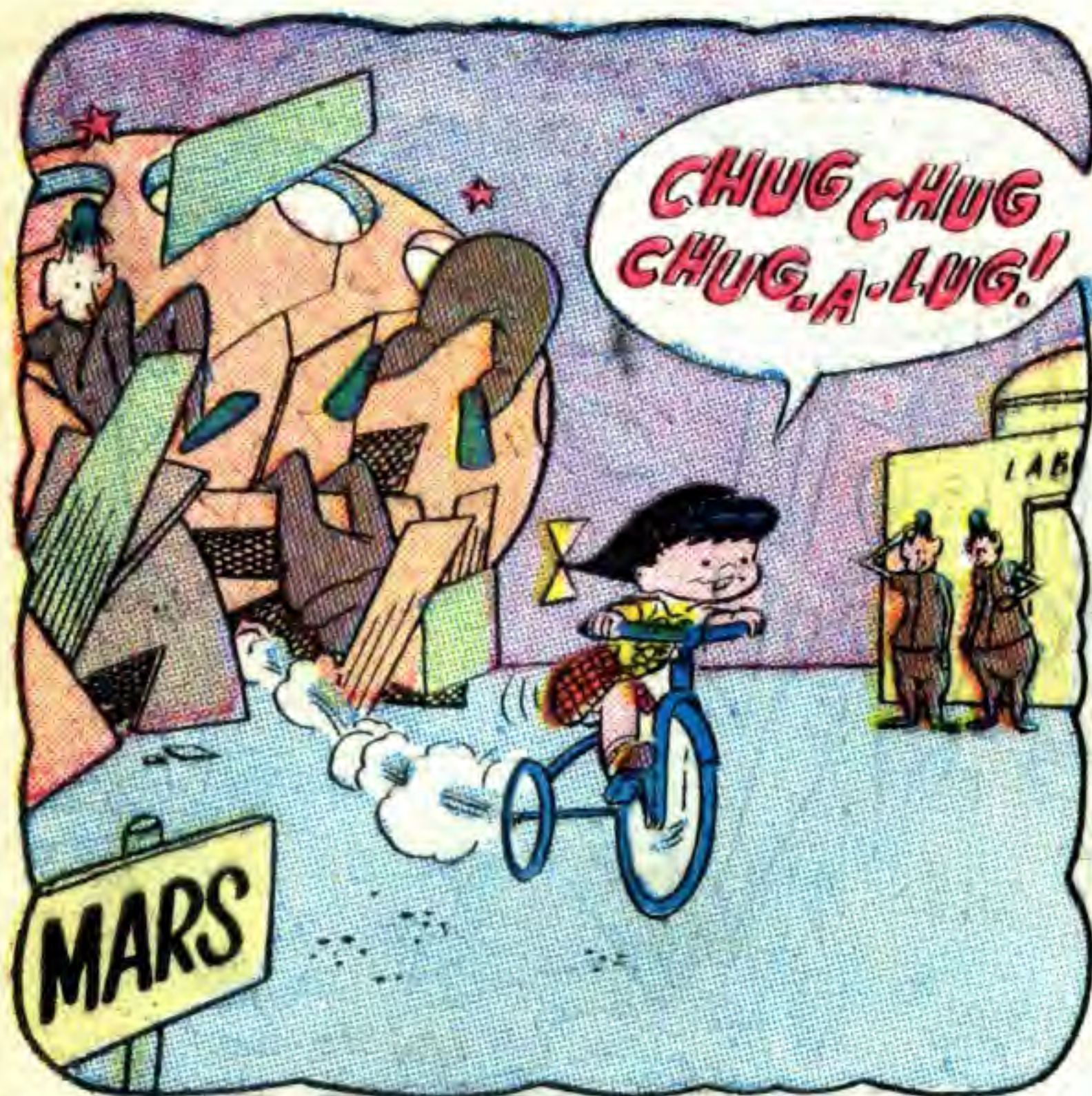




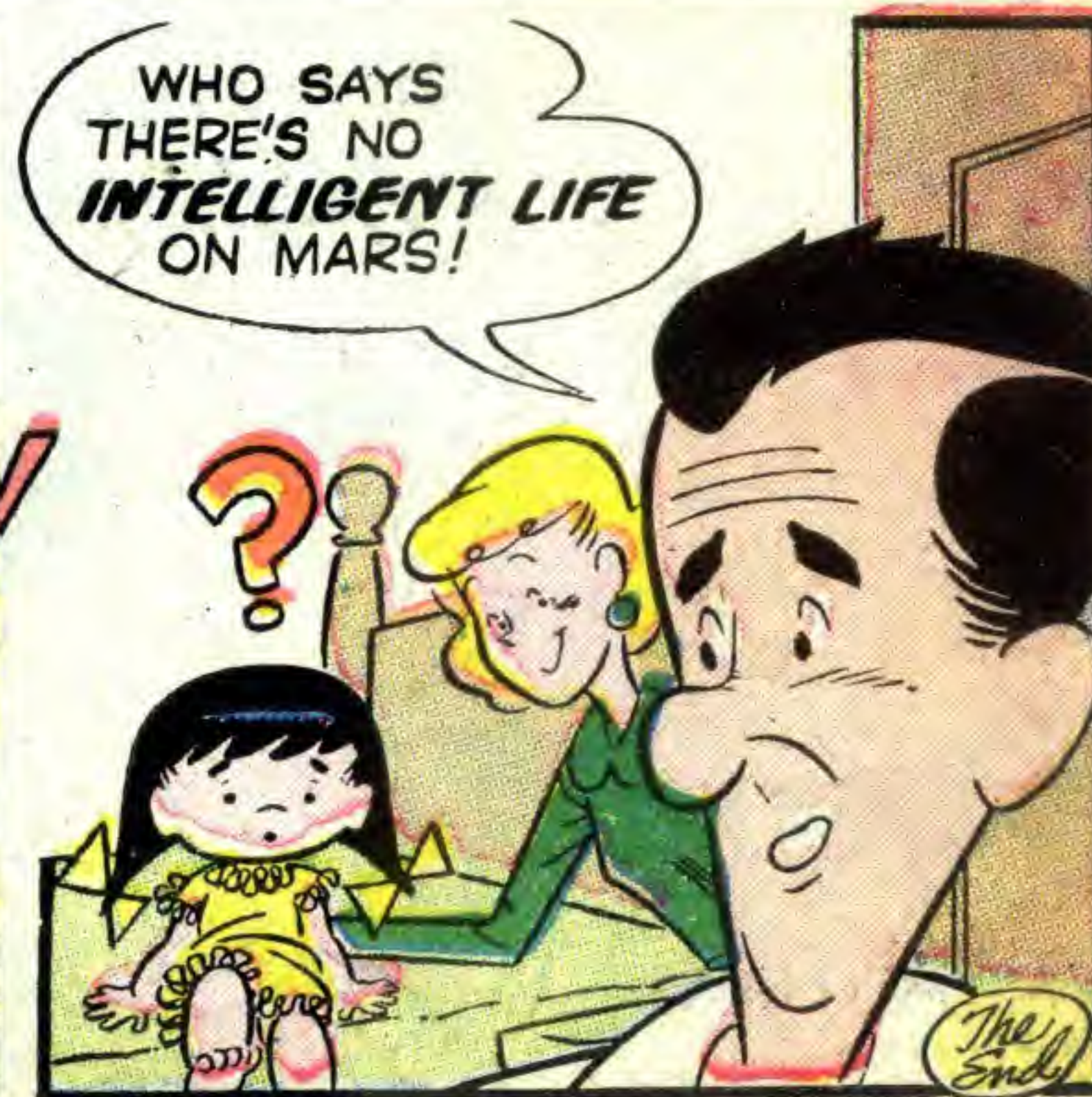
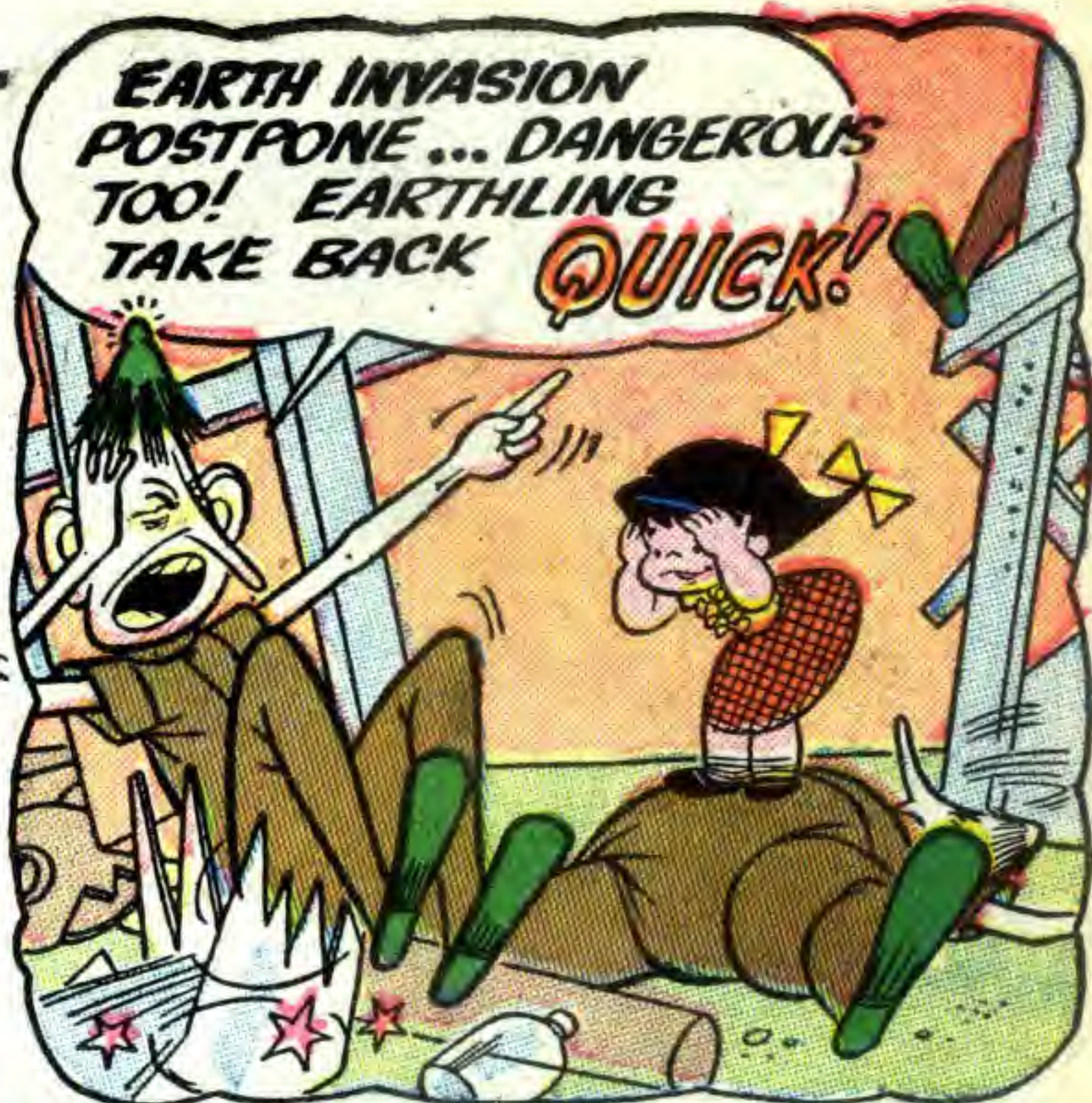








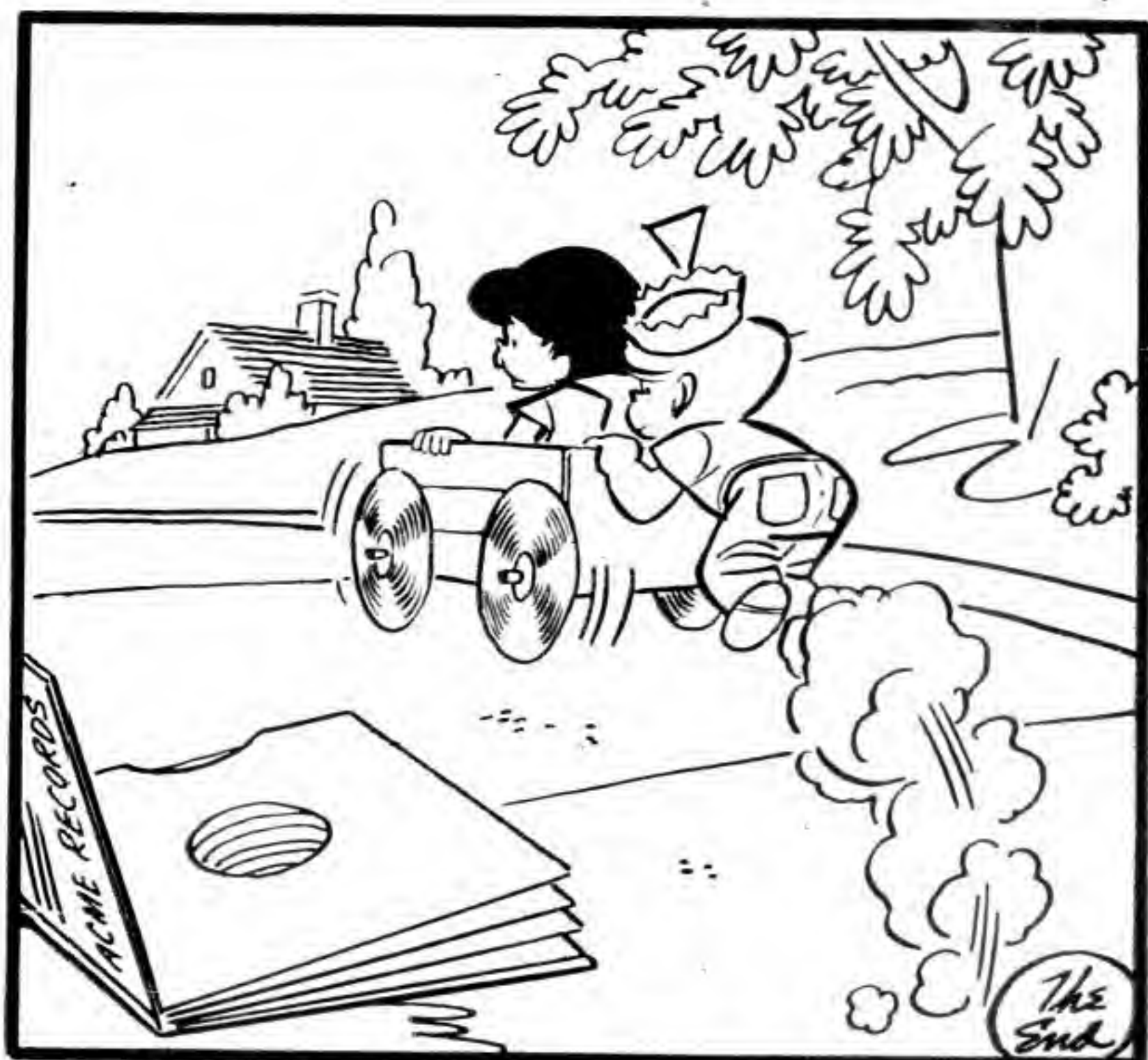






# Cutie Pie

IN  
"DISK  
JOCKEY"







Gene  
Faucette

YOURS  
TRULY,  
Cutie Pie  
AND  
COPY